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SIXPENCE.  
By Post, 6½d.



MISS ADA REHAN IN "THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA," AT DALY'S THEATRE.

*"But say, Lucetta, now we are alone,  
Would'st thou then counsel me to fall in love?"*

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SARONY, NEW YORK.



## NOTES FROM THE THEATRES.

I cannot help thinking that the disappointment concerning the dance had a great deal to do with the unfriendliness of the reception given to "Ma Cousine." Everyone expected that the dance would be fit to "épater le bourgeois"; what I had read in *Gil Blas* led me to expect something astounding, and when the moment came, like my neighbour, I wiped my opera-glass with my handkerchief and prepared to be shocked. What came of it? A few moments' exhibition of black silk stockings and white mysteries, a few aimless steps about the stage and some mild kicking, and—that was all! Of the alleged study under "Mdlle. Grille d'Egout" no trace. What a "fizzle!"—to use a stage term. I think the "fizzle" has caused injustice to be done to "Ma Cousine," which is a clever farcical comedy, handled with no little skill by Meilhac, and told with wit really fertile, though, perhaps, it had rather too much flavour of the "fertiliser." No doubt, the scheme is old, is little more than the idea underlying "Nance Oldfield" and similar plays used rather grossly; yet, certainly, it seemed amusing from the beginning to the rather clumsy conclusion. In the part of Riquette, the *impayable*—a word as untranslatable as *chic*—Madame Réjane gave a brilliant performance. Our stage contains no actress of such force and subtlety of humour: Mrs. Kendal at her best is the nearest thing to Réjane that we have, but she had not so light and easy a touch. Moreover, the French actress can differentiate, and, in voice and style, was so unlike Madame Sans-Gêne that she might have passed unrecognised. That she has the charm of person, voice, and manner, of Miss Rehan, or her scope, I do not pretend; but only Miss Rehan could have played Riquette as well as it was played. Madame Claudia was exceedingly funny as Madame Berlaudet, the manicurist, go-between, &c.; indeed, so clever and fully characterised a performance rarely is seen. M. Numes, as an amateur dramatist intensely vain of his work, acted with remarkable skill, despite a touch of caricature. In the two ladies Mdlle. Avril and Madame Duluc was the *grande dame* flavour more easily found on the French stage than ours, and both acted well.

Lovers of Shakspeare are in a dilemma concerning "The Two Gentlemen of Verona." Their natural instinct is to protest against Mr. Daly's treatment of the play—to declare that a board with the legend "Mangling done here" should be hung up outside the pretty theatre in Leicester Square. Yet reflection brings to mind the fact that the piece is, practically speaking, unrepresentable as it stands. In *posse*, no doubt, it has all the qualities of our greatest dramatist; in *esse* it is so crude, and, in the last act, irritating and unnatural, that no one would accept it. The actual treatment by Mr. Daly certainly is skilful, although the cutting has been rather too generous: one could have spared some of the music for sake of having more of the text to explain the conduct of the characters. Yet, doubtless, their conduct is inexplicable. The offer by Valentine to give up his faithless Silvia to the weather-fish Proteus, the fact that this offer but grieves and does not disgust Silvia, and Julia's forgiveness of her treacherous, faithless lover, are a series of the most startling "slaps-in-the-face" that one can find in drama, and under ordinary circumstances would cause an audience to howl at the play. Was the play or Miss Rehan the real attraction? The true playgoer never misses a chance of seeing her in a new part. The art with which she renders so slight a sketch as Julia impressive is astounding: she has the stage but a little while, and yet one feels that she has been the play, and that the piece was delightful. One may apply to her the line from the Song to Silvia—

She excels each mortal thing  
Upon this dull earth dwelling.

By-the-bye, it was a great pity that Schubert's lovely music was not used for the song; the fact that it was employed out of place in "Twelfth Night" is no impediment. Miss Maxine Elliot was pleasing as Silvia, and, when she catches the rhythm more certainly, will, by aid of her splendid presence and pleasant voice, prove to be a valuable actress. Mr. James Lewis was so clever as almost to render the part of Launce

amusing. Mr. Worthing, though a little too lachrymose, acted very well as Proteus, and Mr. John Craig would have been an excellent Valentine had he played with more vigour.

Really, the revival of "The Idler" makes me feel uncertain whether the progress supposed to have been shown by the author in "John-a-Dreams" is very great. Of course, I do not mean to suggest that "The Idler" is a work of value; but it seems to me to show a truer feeling for the stage than its successor, and more willingness to keep within its real standard. Certainly, it offers the actors a chance, and none of them failed to grasp it. The work suggests that Mr. Chambers is more at home in writing scenes for men than for women; if one came upon the scene between Mark and Simeon, in which the American is induced to give up his plan of vengeance, without seeing the rest of the work, it would give the idea that the author is of high class. Indeed, the whole of the third act is as good as any act in the range of Mayfair melodrama. It is curious that it should be followed by such poor stuff as the fourth. I wonder that women do not write to protest against the way in which young girls are misrepresented on the stage. Kate is supposed to be a lady, and to have normal dignity of character. Can it be believed that she, two minutes after a

proposal, would take off her hat in order to allow her *fiancée* to kiss and "cuddle" her comfortably? Like Mr. Archer, I shudder at the word, but it is accurate. It seems to me that any man of delicate feeling who found a girl so willing to be "cuddled" would be horrified at such a want of modesty, and try to back out of his offer. It is no wonder that foreigners are startled and shocked at the proposal-scenes on our stage. However, I have nothing but praise for the skilful, ingenious acting of Miss Irene Vanbrugh, and admiration for the powerful work of Mr. John Mason. Mr. George Alexander has rarely done anything better than his admirable Mark Cross. Mr. Herbert Waring is exceedingly good as the husband. If slightly formal and artificial, Miss Millard's performance is of much charm and remarkable technical skill.

MONOCLE.

## "SAM'L OF POSEN."

In a vast country like America, teeming with life in every shape and form, abundant in characters peculiar to itself, it is only natural that the stage should reflect some phases of the national stamp. The theatre in the United States, from its earliest history, has been prolific in players who are entitled to be called "character" actors in the true sense of the word, since they have portrayed real and distinct characters, quite apart from the line of business as it is generally known on the stage. The mere enumeration of these actors would fill more space than is at my disposal.

A chief point, however, to be considered, so far as we are concerned, is that the characters portrayed by them, being typically American, are not easily understood in England. The character of Sam'l of Posen, played by Mr. M. B. Curtis at the Gaiety Theatre on Thursday afternoon, is essentially a product of New York and the other great cities of the United States. Let it, though, be promptly stated that Mr. Curtis is not by any means a one-part actor. That is to say, he has had ample experience of the stage, in comedy, burlesque, and dramatic parts. He is well grounded in his profession. Starting in the humble position of call-boy at McVicker's Theatre, in Chicago, he soon worked his way up, until he became, in 1869, a member of the company, playing in farces and drama, in tragedy and comedy—in fact, in everything that was required from a stock-actor of the old days. He had the advantage of acting with all the "stars" of the time, including Edwin Booth, Edwin Forrest, Lawrence Barrett, John McCullough, Charles Mathews, Dion Boucicault, Charles Fechter, James R. Hackett, John E. Owens, Edwin Adams, Barry Sullivan, Katherine Rogers, and Adelaide Neilson—now, alas! all dead and gone. His parts included the principal rôles in all the old farces, such as "Turn Him Out," "Kiss in the Dark," "Lend Me Five Shillings," &c. On the death of George Belmore, he played Newman Noggs, in "Nicholas Nickleby," and, before "Sam'l of Posen" made him famous, he had "starred" as Caleb Plummer—a character so intimately associated with Joseph Jefferson and our own J. L. Toole—and had successfully acted Touchstone, Dogberry, the First Gravedigger



MADAME RÉJANE.

Photo by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.



Bob Acres, Tony Lumpkin, Dromio of Ephesus, Launcelot Gobbo, Rover in "Wild Oats," Squire Chivy in "David Garrick," and many another part. The departure of Willie Edouin from America gave Mr. Curtis an opportunity for further success as Friday in "Robinson Crusoe," Clorinda in "Cinderella," &c. Oddly enough, Mr. Curtis owes, indirectly, the success of "Sam'l of Posen" to the coming to England of another actor well known here—Mr. Robert Pateman. When the latter actor left San Francisco, in 1876, Mr. Curtis took his place, and here "Sam'l of Posen" was born.

All who have visited the hospitable Bohemian Club in this beautiful Californian city are familiar with the "High Jinks" with which the clever members are wont to entertain distinguished visitors. "Sam'l of Posen" was originally given as a little sketch at one of the "Jinks," and, on the suggestion of Stuart Robson—of whose revival of the "Comedy of Errors" I retain most pleasant recollections—it was turned into a play by two journalists, George H. Jessop and Jack St. Maur, who were paid 750 dollars for their work. On the production of the piece at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, New York, a big hit was made, with the result that it ran in New York for twenty-one weeks. In its first forty weeks, it drew 90,000 dollars. In its first four seasons it made the enormous sum of £64,000. For the past fifteen years Mr. Curtis has played little else. He has tried several new pieces, such as "Caught in a Corner," "Spot Cash," and "The Marriage-Broker," but nothing succeeds like "Sam'l of Posen." Out of his profits on this piece—or, more properly considered, his impersonation—he has invested £70,000 and built two towns in California. Last year he had a season in New York, and was persuaded to have a new version of the old play. So "Sam'l of Posen" was written up to date. But the public wanted their old favourite without alteration, and when Mr. Curtis next went "on the road" the original "Sam'l of Posen" was given, and this was the piece which we saw at the Gaiety.

Mr. Curtis was fortunate in at least one respect on his first appearance in London. The character of the Jewish peddler who develops into a successful commercial traveller was readily understood from the outset,



MR. CURTIS AS THE COMMERCIAL TRAVELLER.

and it was, moreover, much appreciated by the large professional audience. This result was mainly due to the individuality and ability of the actor. For the play, to speak frankly, is a trifle old-fashioned. It is a drama in which the good old struggle between vice and virtue is pretty evenly sustained until the end. We are introduced to a jewellery-shop in New York—a double scene, showing the office and the shop—to a fashionable gambling club on Fifth Avenue, and, finally, to a pawnshop. Through all these scenes, Samuel Plastick, a Jew of a pronounced type, pervades, doing the most original and most daring things with an ease which is absolutely surprising. He enters the large jewellery-shop as a dealer in buttons and braces, and leaves it, at the end of the first act, as chief storekeeper. He then becomes more trusted than ever, and is sent on an important mission to Chicago, with forty thousand dollars' worth of his employer's unset diamonds in his possession. Here comes the weakest part of the story. Samuel has won his way into the favour of all around him, he has his employer's goodwill, he is about to be married to the girl of his heart, and yet, despite all his shrewdness, he goes to a gambling hell, where he allows himself to be drugged and robbed by a French adventuress. To be sure, he goes to this place with a laudable purpose, but even that does not excuse his folly. The incident at once robs the character of sympathy. Again, Sam'l is left, through a great part of the act, lying motionless and speechless, with a vacant stare in his eyes—and this is not right for the central figure in a play. Perhaps this has been done for the sake of affording Mrs. Curtis (Miss Albina de Mer) an opportunity of showing her mettle. Mrs. Curtis, who plays the adventuress, was highly dramatic and effective, her death scene particularly so. But the more effective the actress is,

the more is the chief character dwarfed; so that, when Sam'l of Posen appears in the last act, it takes all the efforts of Mr. Curtis to re-establish himself in favour with his audience. But this, Mr. Curtis certainly succeeded in doing. If the comedy-drama be taken into the provinces, Mr. Robb Harwood should be retained for the broken-down actor, one of the best little sketches which I have seen.

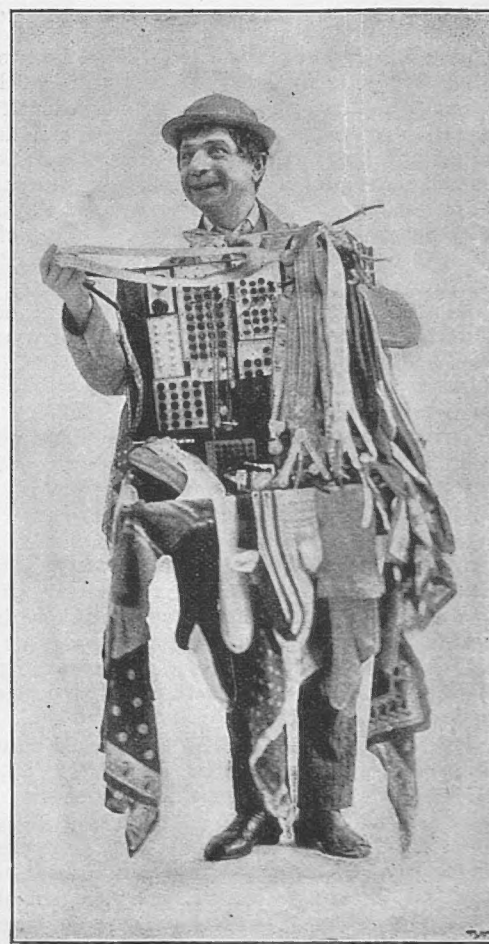
A. B.



ARRIVAL AT CASTLE GARDEN, NEW YORK.



AS MDLLE. CÉLESTE.



AS THE PEDDLER.

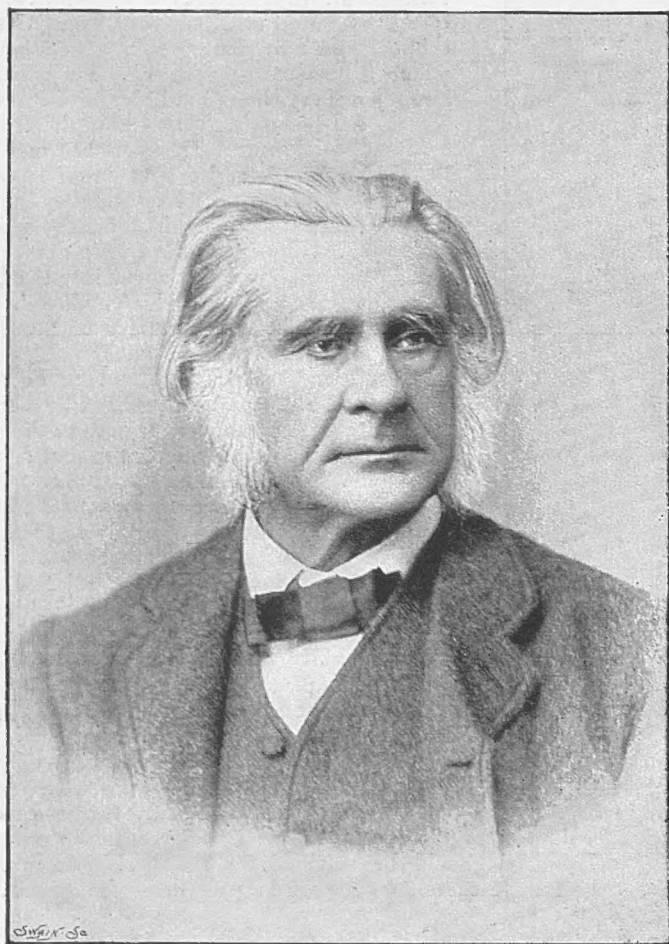
MR. AND MRS. CURTIS IN "SAM'L OF POSEN."

Photographs by Wynn and Burridge, Detroit.



## HUXLEY AND HIS COMPEERS.

The lamented death of Professor Huxley gives the accompanying photograph a peculiar interest, he being the last survivor of the celebrated men who figure in the picture. The photograph from which our illustration is taken comprises four of the leading physicists of the present century, and Professor Huxley, who may fairly be claimed as the greatest biologist. The figure standing at the back is that of Sir Charles Wheatstone, who was born in 1802, near Gloucester, and died in Paris in 1875. Although many before Wheatstone had experimented and paved the way, to him belongs the credit of having first made the electric telegraph available



PROFESSOR HUXLEY.

Photo by Deneulin, Strand, W.C.

for practical purposes. The younger of the two men sitting behind the table is Professor Huxley, the elder is Sir David Brewster. Huxley was born at Ealing in 1824, where he was educated under his father. He entered the Naval Service as a surgeon, and during his cruises brought into play his great powers of scientific observation. He soon quitted the medical profession, and gave himself up entirely to scientific investigations. As Professor of Comparative Anatomy and Physiology, he delivered many useful courses of lectures at the Royal College of Surgeons. Huxley also held the offices of Fullerian Professor of Physiology at the Royal Institution, and Professor of Natural History at the Royal School of Mines in Jermyn Street. His contributions to science are very numerous, and of the utmost value to students in nearly every branch of biological study. For some time he was a member of the London School Board, and his frequent letters to the daily Press showed how he kept himself abreast with all subjects of the day.

David Brewster was a native of Jedburgh, where he was born in 1781. He began life as a minister in the Established Church of Scotland, but joined the Free Church at the secession of 1843. He subsequently relinquished his theological profession, so that he might devote himself to his favourite subjects of mathematics and physics. In 1815 he invented the kaleidoscope. Brewster took an active part in founding the British Association, and was the author of many papers of great scientific value. He received the honour of knighthood in 1831. His latter days were free from anxiety, through a grant of £200 per annum from Government and by his being appointed to the Principalship of the United College of St. Salvator and St. Leonard at St. Andrews. Brewster died in 1868.

Seated by the side of the table is Michael Faraday, the Natural Philosopher, who was born at Newington Butts in 1791, and died in 1867, at Hampton Court, in a house lent him by the Queen. Faraday began life as errand-boy to a bookbinder named Riebau, in Blandford Street, Manchester Square, to whom he was afterwards apprenticed. The young apprentice had always a liking for science, and, in 1812, attended a course of lectures given by Davy. He took copious notes, and sent a copy to the lecturer, with a request for employment of a scientific character. The result of the application was an appointment at the Royal Institution at a salary of twenty-five shillings a week. His chief work was done in the field of magneto-electricity, and by

his experiments and publications he prepared the way for many of the present uses of electricity. Faraday was an excellent lecturer, his great lucidity making him particularly successful with juvenile audiences. He was rewarded with a pension of £300. Standing by the table is John Tyndall, who was born in Ireland in 1820. At the age of nineteen he obtained an appointment on the Ordnance Survey at Callow: afterwards he came to England to a firm of railway engineers. He subsequently studied in Germany, and, soon after his return to England, was elected Professor of Natural Philosophy at the Royal Institution. His work ranged over nearly the whole domain of physics; he also took up an attitude of opposition to the doctrine of spontaneous generation, and by his experiments showed the presence of micro-organisms in the air, and the part played by them in putrefaction. His tragic death, in 1893, from a dose of chloral, given in mistake for sulphate of magnesia, must be still fresh in the memory of our readers.

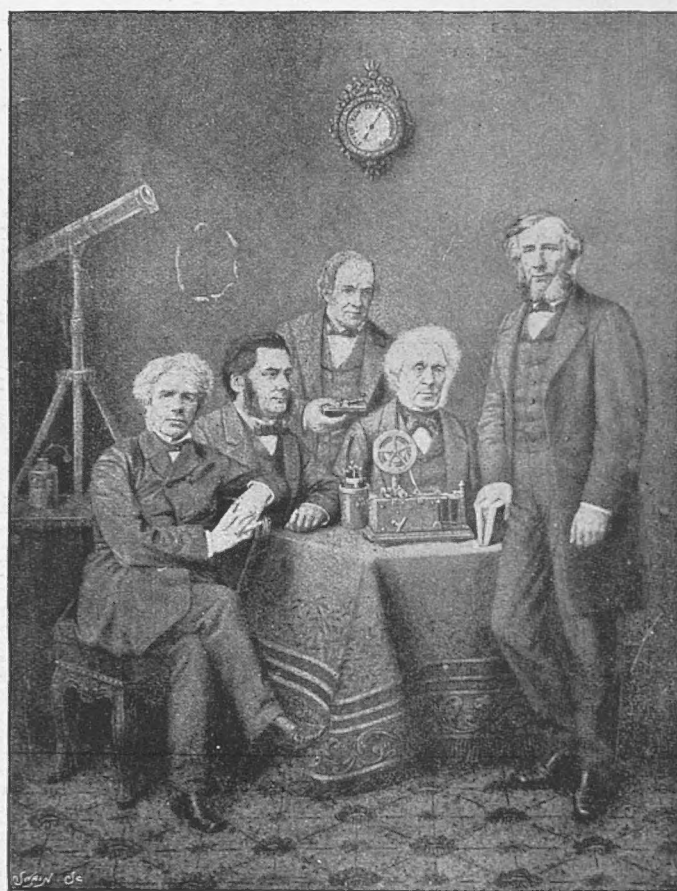
Of all our scientific men, the features of few are better known to the general public than those of Huxley. His strongly marked physiognomy has been made familiar to thousands who only knew him by his writings through the medium of the illustrated papers. Of all the various portraits of the late Professor during a series of years, none was, perhaps, more lifelike than that which appeared in the edition of Kingsley's "Water Babies" in 1885. Readers of Kingsley's delightful "Tale for a Land Baby"—which is hardly, nowadays, read as much as it deserves—will recall that chapter in which the author gently chaffs a group of scientists on what is or is not possible in Nature. It was to illustrate this chapter—or rather, a portion of it—that Linley Sambourne drew the likeness referred to, a group in which figure Professors Huxley and Owen, the former holding a magnifying-glass, while between them, in a bottle of spirits, is the dearest little Water Baby imaginable.

The funeral of the Professor, on Thursday, attracted a most distinguished company of scientists, notably Lord Kelvin, Sir Joseph Hooker, Sir James Paget; Professors George and Francis Darwin, the sons of Huxley's hero; Sir Joseph Lister, Professor Ferrier, and Mr. Norman Lockyer. Literature was represented by Mr. Leslie Stephen, Mr. Lecky, and Mrs. Humphry Ward; Art by Mr. Briton Riviere and Mr. Alma-Tadema, while the Rev Dr. Dallinger stood sponsor for Theology. The

Faraday.

Wheatstone.

Tyndall.



Huxley.

Sir David Brewster.

Photo by Hughes and Edmonds, Cheapside, E.C.

place of interment was the cemetery of St. Marylebone, which crowns the southern slope of the hill at East Finchley, where Huxley's first-born lies. The spot is marked by a little tombstone, inscribed, "Noel, son, behold thy father and I have brought thee sorrowing. 1860." Many wreaths had been sent, one bearing the couplet—

A thought-worn chieftain of the mind,  
Head servant of the human kind.

At the grave, the impressive Church of England service was read by the Rev. Llewellyn Davies, who had come all the way from Westmorland to perform the last rites for his former famous parishioner. A writer notes that the great palaeontologist rests in a bed of boulder-clay, and asks—"Did it recall to Lord Kelvin, one wonders, the friendly controversy he had with Huxley on the age of the world?"



## A DICTIONARY OF ARTISTS.

If the power of taking infinite pains be one of the necessary ingredients of genius, Mr. Algernon Graves may be fairly credited with its possession. The work, which ten years ago first attracted notice, has, in the interval, been so expanded (London: Henry Graves and Co.) that it will be henceforth indispensable to all students of the history of English artists. Mr. Graves has managed to obtain possession of the catalogues of the various public exhibitions held in London (and presumably elsewhere) since 1760. From these he has compiled his elaborate dictionary, which shows at a glance the names of all exhibiting artists, their place of birth, of education, or abode, the first and last years in which they exhibited, and the branch of art in which they were distinguished. In addition to this, the galleries or societies in which their works were shown are distinguished. Although this cannot in all cases give the exact measure of each artist's labours, the results must in most cases be approximative, and future students and writers of the biographies of artists will have no better guide than Mr. Graves's dictionary affords. As the volume contains nearly five-and-twenty thousand names—a noble army of painters and sculptors for one nation to have produced in four generations (1760-1893)—it would be impossible to give any analysis of its contents; but, dipping into its pages here and there, some curious and interesting facts may be culled. For example, Mr. John Absolon (Absolom?), whose death was recorded only a few days ago, is credited with more than seven hundred works, of which the greater number were exhibited at the "New" Water-Colour Society, or Royal Institute, as it is now called. The recently deceased Academician, Mr. Henry Moore, is credited with 550, and Frederick Taylor, the late President of the Royal Water-Colour Society, with 556. These figures, and they are not the highest, compare strangely with Sir Joshua Reynolds, who, between 1760 and 1790, exhibited 272 works; and Gainsborough, who ceased sending to the Royal Academy in 1783, is credited with only 117 works. Of the Presidents who succeeded Reynolds, Benjamin West exhibited 311; Sir Thomas Lawrence, 315; Sir Martin Archer Shee, 343; Sir Charles Eastlake, 69; Sir Francis Grant, 272; and Sir Frederic Leighton, 243, at the date when the catalogue closes. There are obviously many other uses than those thus suggested, to which this valuable, and, as far as we can gather, accurately compiled, Dictionary can be turned, and we venture to think that posterity will express to Mr. Graves more gratitude than he can expect from his contemporaries—except from such as have need to refer to his tables for direction and information. We will hope, however, that even these are sufficiently numerous to make the author feel that he has not laboured in vain for the present generation.



PRINCE EDWARD OF YORK, BORN JUNE 23, 1894.

Photo by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.

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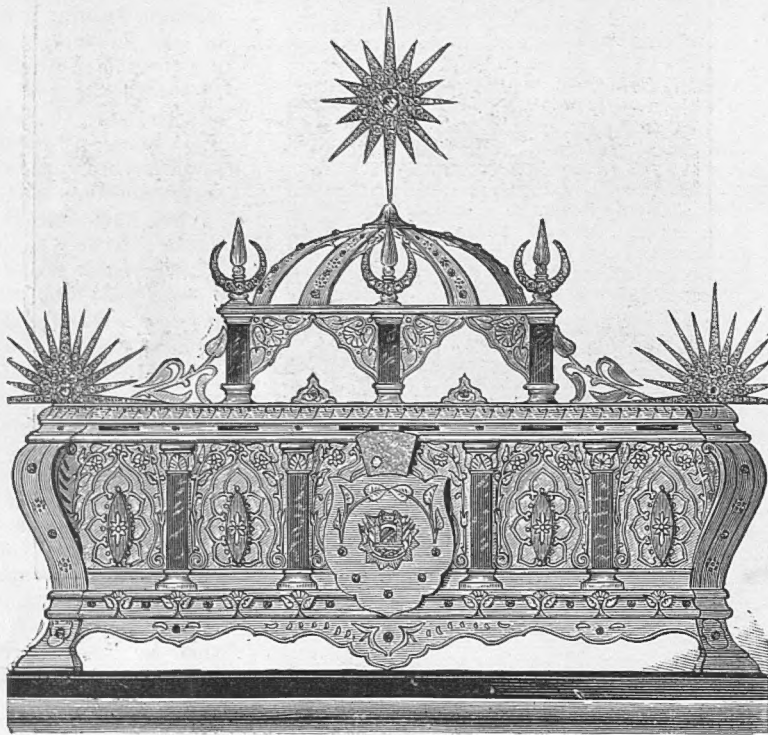




## SMALL TALK.

On the occasion of the Shahzada's visit to Windsor last week, the Queen entertained him to lunch in the Oak Room, overlooking the Quadrangle, one side of which is hung with the magnificent Gobelins tapestry presented to her Majesty by Louis Philippe. The only pictures in this apartment are Angeli's first portrait of her Majesty, taken about twenty-five years ago, and portraits of the Princess of Wales, the Duchess of Saxe-Coburg, and the Duchess of Connaught. The Shahzada's suite were entertained in the Grand Dining-Room, at the north-east corner of the Castle, which is only used by the Queen when the royal party exceeds eighteen in number, as she always prefers the Oak Room. The Grand Dining-Room contains the famous rosewood sideboard, on which stands the still more famous silver-gilt punch-bowl and ladle, for which George IV. paid Rundle and Bridge no less a sum than £10,000.

The Queen has a striking memento of the Shahzada's farewell visit, for he presented her Majesty with a casket containing an autograph letter. It is a triumph of the goldsmith's art, being the largest and most valuable



thing of the kind ever made, and is a credit to Messrs. Elkington, the makers, and to Mr. T. A. Martin, Agent-General of the Ameer, who suggested the design. The length is over 18 in., the width 13½ in., while the height exceeds 14½ in. It is octagonal-oblong in form, and consists of solid 18-ct. gold lavishly embellished with diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and other precious stones, all of which may be considered absolute specimens of brilliancy, purity of colour, and perfection of cutting. The stars at the four top corners contain upwards of 178 fully cut brilliants each. The lid is richly chased with devices emblematical of the flora of Afghanistan; ascending from these are six massive pillars of lapis-lazuli, with gold capitals of a Turkish character, surmounted by six Mahomedan crescents, each composed of twenty-four large brilliants, capped by turrets or finials in gold. From the top of the temple thus formed spring six elegantly chased and jewelled arches, crowned with the sixteen-point diamond star of Afghanistan, having a diameter of 4¾ in., and composed of 168 finest possible brilliants, weighing from 1½ cts. to 3 cts. each—the centre stone being valued by London experts at £1500, and measuring three-quarters of an inch across, weighing 17¾ cts. The casket is valued at £6000, and is the more wonderful from the fact that it was made within three weeks of the design being first proposed.

I fancy the Prince is pretty well sick by this time of his visit—

The solemn Shahzada  
Wants home to his dada,  
Away in the hills of Kabul;  
He thinks that we worry,  
And fluster and hurry,  
And fancies our climate too cool.

The proposed garden-party at Buckingham Palace has been abandoned, as Sir William Jenner and Sir James Reid are anxious that the Queen should not exert herself more than is absolutely necessary. Her Majesty has been somewhat upset by the extreme heat of the weather, and is also suffering from fatigue caused by the numerous functions of all kinds and descriptions which have been going on at Windsor since the return of the Court from Scotland. The Queen was never really well in very hot weather, and now her Majesty gets much out of sorts after a few days of great heat. Osborne, sheltered as it is, is especially warm, and

does not at all suit the Queen as a summer residence; so the stay of the Court in the Isle of Wight this year will be considerably shortened, and her Majesty will only remain there for about four weeks.

The State Concert on Friday was a very crowded function, and the supper procession of royalties, followed by the Corps Diplomatique, unusually long. There was a large centre-table at the end for the royal party, and two immense tables placed down each side of the room for the general company. The tables were covered with gold and silver plate, which had been brought up from Windsor for the occasion, and the walls were decorated with some very fine gold vases effectively arranged upon scarlet shields. It is one of the things not generally known that attendance at the State Balls and Concerts at Buckingham Palace is not "commanded" by the Queen. The card runs: "The Lord Chamberlain is commanded by the Queen to *invite*," &c.

The Prince of Wales is to pay a Saturday-to-Monday visit to Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild at Waddesdon Manor, Bucks, before he leaves town for the season. His Royal Highness is to be the guest of the Duke of Richmond at Goodwood during the race week, and is to arrive there on the evening of Monday, the 29th. The Princess of Wales and the Princesses Victoria and Maud will also be at Goodwood this year—for the first time since 1891—unless the Princess, at the last moment, decides to leave for the Continent earlier than at present arranged.

The German Emperor is expected to reach Cowes on Saturday, Aug. 3, and will stay in the Solent for ten days. There will be two State Banquets in the Indian Room at Osborne during the Emperor's visit, and the Prince of Wales is to entertain him to dinner on board the Victoria and Albert, which will be in the Roads during the regatta week. The Emperor intends to have two dinner-parties on board the Hohenzollern, and he will also be present at the annual R.Y.S. house-dinner.

The Unionist papers have made a tremendous outcry about Captain Naylor-Leyland's baronetcy, but they have nothing unpleasant to say about the appointment of the Duke of Norfolk to be Postmaster-General. For generations the Dukes of Norfolk were Whigs, and the present peer himself was a Liberal until he "verted" over the Irish question. That he should now be appointed head of the Post Office is a considerably bigger reward than unfortunate Captain Naylor-Leyland has received. What qualifications the Duke possesses for a post that requires, at the present juncture, above all, a practical business man, is a question that those who know him best will find the most difficulty in answering. He is, however, a fluent and taking platform-speaker, and when he "verted" to the Conservatives a large number of Catholics saw the error of their ways and went over too.

The Valkyrie III. hasn't started her career conspicuously for her first race in the "Clyde fortnight." The match for yachts exceeding 40-rating was contested by the Britannia, the Valkyrie, and the Ailsa. The last had to give up before the race was over, having got becalmed. The Britannia ultimately won on her time-allowance (1 min. 17 sec.), after the Valkyrie had at one time headed her by nearly six miles. An interested spectator of the races has been Baron Nathaniel Rothschild, of Vienna, whose steam-yacht, the Heglia, was launched in the Clyde the other day. He has been so delighted with the racing that he declares his intention of having a racing-yacht built for next season. His ambition does not lie in the direction of possessing a Valkyrie or Britannia. A 20 or a 40 would suit him.

If London lacked a memorial to Cromwell it was not the fault of Mr. Frederick Litchfield, whose old curiosity-shop in Shaftesbury Avenue is a joy to me, and who offered to the nation, nearly a year ago, a bronze bust of the Protector. But the First Commissioner of Works let the chance slip, and so Mr. Litchfield's treasure has passed into private hands. The bust is an excellent portrait of the Protector, reproducing the rugged and surly expression for which his countenance was remarkable. It is said to be the work of Joseph Nollekens, R.A., and is the replica of one at Stafford House, in the Duke of Sutherland's possession. The bust is now in the possession of the Rev. Crofton McLaughlin, Rector of Burford, in Worcestershire.



CROMWELL.

Photo by Mr. Musselwhite, Tenbury.

"Splints" is the somewhat inglorious telegraphic address of the Royal College of Surgeons of England.



The Royal Agricultural Society has had fifty-six annual exhibitions, but the show at Darlington is the first held by it in the county of Durham. The meeting, however, took place on classic ground—to wit, the home of the shorthorn. The number of exhibits was smaller than has been the case for many years, namely, 1703, against the average of 2090 of the last ten years, but it was well worth seeing.

The reason why the Duke of Saxe-Coburg has not given up his annuity of ten thousand a-year from the British Exchequer may be not wholly unconnected with the German company of dramatic artists now in London. They come from the theatre at Gotha which the Duke, on his accession, wanted to close. There was such an outcry against this that he was compelled to abandon the idea; but as the Gotha theatre is said to cost him just ten thousand a-year, the coincidence of that amount with the annuity is not without significance. There are London managers who may wish that their theatres cost them no more annually than ten thousand.

Professor Thomas Case, of Oxford, is in a sad state. He protests against the admission of women to the University, and says it may lead to awful things. Why, on one occasion, the Professor actually heard a young man and a young woman conversing in a room which was "darkened for the study of optics!" The Professor does not tell us what they were talking about. Was it optics? A young woman's eyes are frequently the subject of conversation, and in darkened rooms, too. But the poor professor wrings his hands as if the whole science of optics were going to smash. He had better get a pair of green goggles to soothe his perturbed soul.

I am delighted that the Cornell University men who came across to compete at Henley have shown us, as they did at St. James's Hall on Friday, what an American University can do in the way of music. The Yankee student has followed closely in the wake of his German brother in the matter of academic song. He glories in glee clubs, and in every form of instrumental music. The *bonhomie* that such amusement creates in a University cannot be overestimated. A few years ago, the Scots Universities made a bold step to imitate the Americans by issuing a "Students' Song-Book." Its success—with the public, at least—was considerable, and there is reason to hope that, within a few years, the Universities north of the Tweed will re-echo with genuine academic song. I have been glancing at a handsome volume, called *The Cornellian*, which gives one a vague idea of the social side of an American University, more particularly its curiously named undergraduate associations—"Zeta Psi," "Phi Delta Theta," "Kappa Alpha Theta," "Sigma Alpha Epsilon," only to name a few. It is admirably and copiously illustrated, and I know of no University on this side that has anything to compare with it.

M. Jean de Reszke's many aristocratic lady admirers are not likely be consoled for his absence this summer from Covent Garden by the interesting story that the tenor proposes to have built on his estate in "the fair land of Poland" an American cottage, the plans for which will be made, during his engagement at Chicago, by an architect of "Porkopolis."

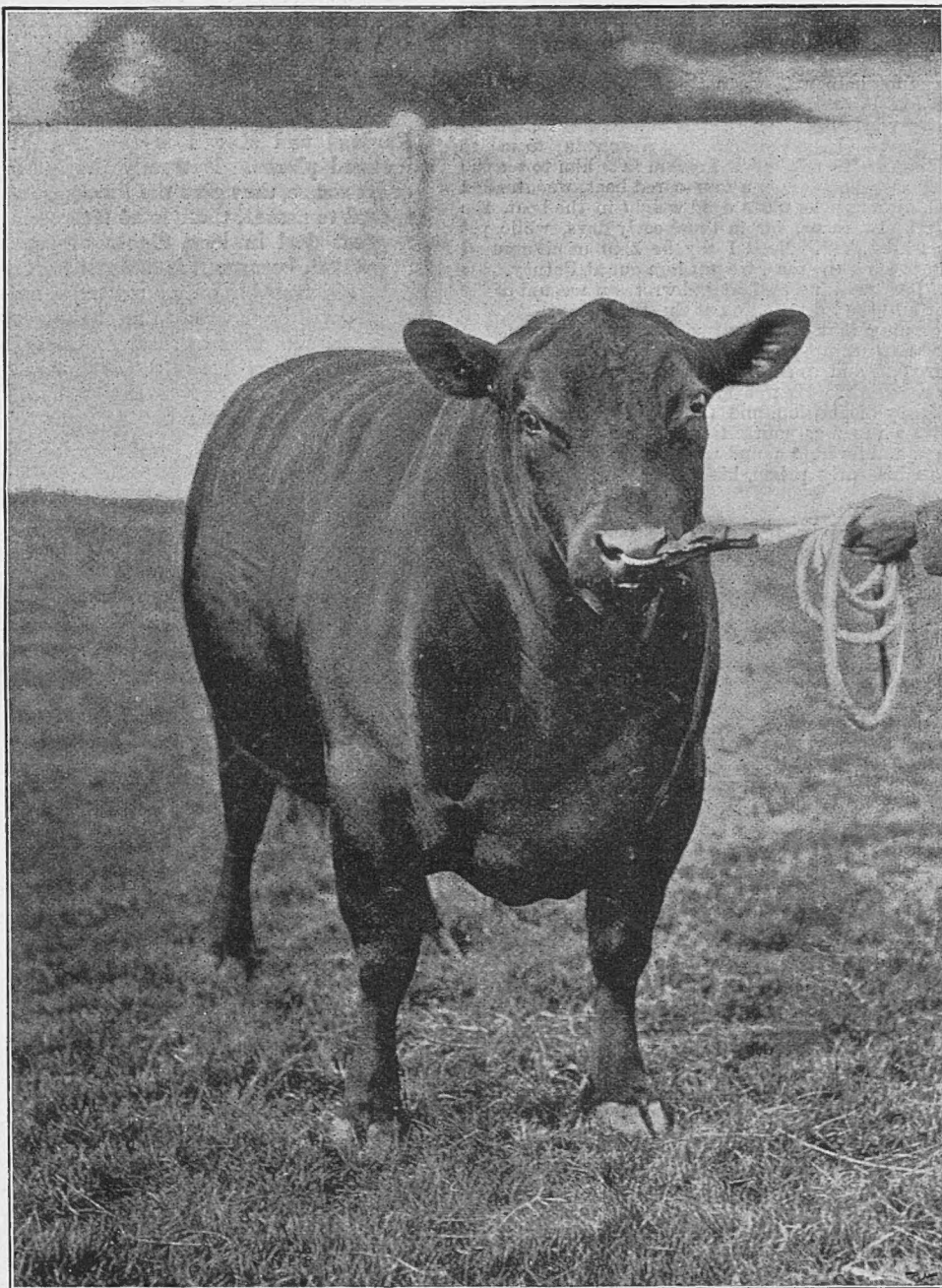
Sweet are the uses of advertisement! The Hermit of the Somblich owed his repute chiefly to the Vienna correspondent of the *Standard*, who wrote him up assiduously. He collected the newspaper tributes to his graces and pasted them round his study walls. Visitors came to see him, and he sold them glasses of water. Becoming a capitalist, he married a young girl. Then the public spirit of Somblich rose in wrath. Whether it was his marriage or the pasting of extracts from the *Standard* that offended the inhabitants of Somblich, I do not know; but when the hermit took his walks abroad he was set upon and mauled. He is now dead. Perhaps his widow will subsist by selling glasses of water, or the extracts which her husband could not read. Perhaps the extracts will be contumeliously burnt in the market-place. Anyway, the moral of the story seems to be that, if you are a hermit, you must not marry and become famous in foreign prints, but live in obscurity and the odour of an insanitary dwelling.

I read in a contemporary a delightfully alluring advertisement, of which some theatrical manager or other is sure to take advantage, and perhaps not entirely to the advantage of the advertiser. The latter is a young actor, who describes himself as very well educated—a University man, indeed!—and as extremely anxious to succeed in the profession. To attain this, he apparently shrinks from no expense, for he proclaims his readiness either to pay a large premium to a London actor-manager or to invest capital in a really first-class company, town or provinces. I hope that this young actor has some common sense as well as money, else he may shortly find that he has delivered himself into the hands of the Philistines.

Why does the phantom of the obsolete guinea yet dwell in our midst? Why, so long after the Minthas ceased to coin guineas, do they form the basis of professional fees? The only apparent reason lies in the fact that the coin contained twenty-one shillings rather than nineteen; and people prefer twenty-one shillings to twenty, because they are built that way. Again, there is a refined idea about a guinea—it is the aristocracy of

gold coinage, despite the parvenus in shape of two- and five-pound pieces. When you have submitted to the well-meant attentions of a big doctor, he does not say, "I'll trouble you for a couple of pounds." No; his off-hand "My fee is two guineas" has a double *souçon* of hauteur and indifference, the hauteur suggesting that guineas are the peculiar coinage of the great professions, and the indifference suggesting that the two guineas is a mere detail in connection with your visit that is scarce worth noticing. This theoretical survival of guineas is a very silly fact, due to the lesser value of the sovereign. I should like to see the system die out—with a possible exception in the case of journalistic fees, in which I take an interest. I have a faint recollection of some doggerel appearing in an old annual anent physicians' fees. If recollection serves me faithfully, it ran as follows—

Pray, can you tell to me  
Why all physicians take  
A guinea for their fee,  
When we no guineas make?  
The reason, Sir, is plain—  
They're loyal, and unwilling  
That a sovereign e'er again  
Should be left without a shilling.



MR. GEORGE SMITH GRANT'S ABERDEEN ANGUS CHAMPION BULL, "EQUESTRIAN."

Photo by Henry R. Gibbs, Kingsland Road, N.



Scarcely a day passes (writes Mr. Clement Scott) but I am consulted by earnest and enthusiastic young gentlemen who want to learn how to become a journalist, a dramatic critic, a dramatist, and a verse-maker. The best recipe that I know of for the making of journalists is to pop an article into the editorial-box with trembling hands and to await the inevitable fate. I have never known a successful journalist who did not tell me that he thrust his precious manuscript into the gaping lion's-mouth of the editor's box and became a made man from that instant. The only additional advice that I should give to the budding journalist in these modern days is that the contribution should be type-written. It adds to its value at least a hundred per cent. I was writing the other day about a journalistic genius who lived among us in the 'sixties. The early career of poor little Jeffrey Prowse will be so interesting to young beginners that I do not hesitate to print a charming letter that I have received from one of his early friends. Industry and determination were the two first rungs on the ladder of fame up which Prowse climbed, and they are not bad steps, after all. Anyhow, here is the letter—

DEAR CLEMENT SCOTT,—I cannot help writing to thank you for your kind memory of our poor old friend Jeff Prowse. If he had been alive, no doubt he would have given us some stirring verses of the prowess of W. G. Grace, for he was ever a lover of our national sports. I shall never forget his coming to me at that time, somewhere in the 'sixties, to ask me if I could take him to see the Oxford and Cambridge Boat-Race. As captain of a four-oared boat, we intended to row up from Greenwich, and, although he was a dead weight in the boat, the crew were only too glad to have him with us, for in those early days, while yet unknown to fame, he was universally liked. Need I say he kept us all amused with his jests and wit? and after seeing the race, we put him out at Putney. He told us afterwards that he went to a small inn and sat and wrote an account of the race, and took it and dropped it into the Editor's Box at the *Daily Telegraph*. He came and told me the next evening that, to his surprise, they had printed it verbatim. This proved to be the turning-point of his career, for, soon after, they offered him a post on their staff, and so commenced his journalistic career, which continued up to his early death. He was universally loved by all who knew him, for his genial and happy disposition, and the genius he undoubtedly had. It speaks for itself, when such men as yourself cannot help recalling him to the memory of those who knew and loved him, and who cannot forget his great talents and ability. Cut off in his early prime, his memory will ever remain green with—Yours sincerely,  
J. TATTON GROVES.

It was Prowse who wrote, at the early age of twenty-six, that lovely little poem, "My Lost Old Age," which Locker quoted in the second edition of his "Lyra Elegantiarum."

Some time ago I adduced a few instances of extraordinary baptismal names given to French children, and now there lies before me a list of equally remarkable appellations, whose owners very prudently changed them for something more simple or less ludicrous. Naturally, Rupert Funny preferred to be called Rupert Frederick Crowell, and Alice Jane Onions felt safer with the plain name of Warren; and no doubt a tradesman, originally called Trickey, had very good reasons for changing his to Pierce. But there were other and quite as obvious grounds for the alteration of Ferdinand J. Pinsonneault to F. J. Parsons, of John J. Mackeghney to simple John J. Mack, of Johan C. W. Stolgenwaldt to John C. Carlson, and of Emanuel Francis Flumefreddo to E. F. McHenry. I can't, however, for the life of me, see why Olive Ware should, in sober earnest, have assumed the dreadful new name of Arum Allechorius. Any uncouth patronymic is apt to cause infinite trouble to postmen, friends of the bearer, and legal officials; and yet it seems people with such ordinary names as Smith, Brown, Jones, and Clark are unreasonably anxious to have something more distinguished. For them the minor attractions of "y," the final "e," and the importance-giving hyphen are not strong enough. But, surely, better Smith than Flumefreddo.

Superfluous adipose tissue is a source of worry to many otherwise happy people. It comes upon them like a thief in the night, as they say in patent medicine advertisements, and away fly figure and self-esteem. Exercise is recommended by wiseacres, but, as a matter of fact, all the attractions of exercise fall off before the adiposely tissue, and they look upon exertion in the same way as his Satanic Majesty is alleged to look on holy water. I have a sincere pity for sufferers from a complaint which proceeds from too much comfort and too little work, and I hasten to tell them of a cure. I called, the other day, upon a sporting friend whom I had not seen for more than two months. He had altered considerably, and had lost what I used to politely call his *embonpoint*. In the course of conversation I remarked that he was looking very thin. "Yes," he replied wearily, "I've lost pounds lately." "How?" I asked, feeling sure that his answer would reveal the anti-fat for which civilisation is waiting. "Ascot," was the unexpected answer. He is doing as well as can be expected, and may recover.

For some reason, the valour of tailors has always been questioned, and the scornful remark that "nine tailors make a man" may appear hard on many members of the snipping profession. I have just discovered that postmen have been ousted from the seat of dishonour by the tailors, and I appeal to *Sketch* readers to agree with me. A few miles from London there is a house at which I am a constant visitor in the summer-time. One of the daughters of the owner possesses a little retriever about a year old, and the dog is allowed the run of the place. It is his habit to bark at the few passers-by, but he would not bite an organ-grinder. Unfortunately for the dwellers in the house, the local postman is cursed with nervousness. If he sees this little dog near the garden, he carries any letters he may have with him away, and brings them by a later post, marked "Dog at bay." If post-office valour is to be judged by this standard, then I say, without fear of contradiction, that the race of tailors has suffered a grievous wrong.

A friend of mine, who is a great traveller, was once going down the coast of Africa on a steamship, and his only companion was a very irascible American. The boat stopped once to take in palm-oil, and the American waxed indignant at the sight of the natives. My friend was rather pleased, for, when angry, the Yankee gentleman had an accent as thick as a London fog in November. "They're durned monkeys, every one of them," he commenced; and, if they look like men, I guess their parents were monkeys." "But," said my friend, "why should you say so? They are hardworking, inoffensive men, who do their duty." It was no good; the American became more and more angry: those niggers were lazy and idle; if he had his own way he would clear the earth of them; they had no intelligence; above all, they were monkeys, or so nearly descended from them as to be unworthy the consideration of white men. "Well," said my friend, "if they are monkeys rather than men, how do you account for their skill in the preparation of palm-oil? Is that the work of monkeys?" The Yankee paused for a moment, but was not to be beaten. "I guess," he said, "they're simply monkeys who've had a special revelation."

It is well worthy of note that the tendency in modern buildings in England and abroad is towards the abolition of stairs in favour of inclined planes. Naturally the latter take rather more room, but, for convenience, they give the former a long start and a sound beating. With regard to ascent, there is no fatigue in the case of a plane, while there is a great deal in long flights of stairs. Descent favours stairs slightly at present, because it is difficult to rest on a descending plane; but this defect is probably only a matter of a little time, after which some method of rest will be devised to meet the needs of the case. The substitution of planes for stairs at theatres, underground-railway stations, and similar places, would minimise the danger in time of panic, because no pressure need cause a fall. Needless to say, planes might look ugly at first, after handsome staircases; but, as soon as the system is in favour, improvements are bound to follow. Our modern staircase, with its profuse ornamentation and carving, is probably a polished descendant of the common ladder of commerce, which it would nowadays blush to meet.

Large numbers of enthusiastic Englishmen, who must have hunting and kindred sports at moderate prices, are steadily migrating to the "distressful country." I was quite surprised to recently learn from an Irish landowner the names and number of his tenants. Men who do not mind being a few miles from the towns or villages can find excellent houses, with several acres of land, capital shooting and fishing, and plenty of stable accommodation, for considerably less than a hundred pounds a-year. Horses are cheap, and servants come for remarkably low wages. The cost of keeping a pack of hounds in England is notoriously high, and in Ireland it is much cheaper. Hence this partial exodus to the Emerald Isle. I suggested that the rain which raineth every day, or thereabouts, would probably interfere with Englishmen's comfort, but my informant assured me that they got used to it, and received no harm. A good hack costs very little to buy, and very little to keep, provided you know the proper markets, and very many English dealers are to be found at the Irish horse-fairs, buying up animals for English hunting-men, who cheerfully pay double the original price.

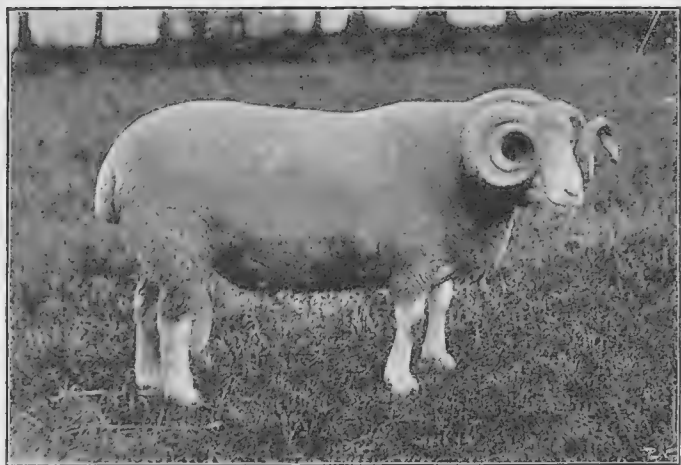
The main condition is the avoidance of the majority of the hotels. They are exceedingly bad, and exceedingly dear. Charges of a pound a-day and upwards tolerable are only if food, accommodation, and attendance are above suspicion; but when they are very inferior, such prices are an imposition. Irish seaside and lakeside hotels keep hundreds of pounds of English money out of Ireland, for he who has been caught once never repeats his visit. I state a fact well known to reasonable Irishmen; and hotel-keepers have been constantly reminded by the Press of their own towns that they are pursuing a foolish policy. The only way to visit the country in comfort is to fix on some place as headquarters and make up a fairly big party. Then take a house for the season, and get a good Irish servant, who knows the time and place to purchase everything. A pleasant holiday is then assured for all those who are satisfied with hunting, fishing, shooting, and riding, while the cost divided among, say, half-a-dozen friends, does not amount to a quarter of what it would have been at one of the country's high-priced, badly conducted hotels, and the sport is of the very best. The lower classes in Ireland are a jolly lot, with a big fund of repartee, and they will keep one amused for hours.

A few years ago the art of the tattoo was much in vogue, and many men were taken with a mania for skin designs. The use of Indian-ink instead of gunpowder took away the pain which threatened the popularity of tattoo, and a fashionable craze resulted. As is usual with these frequent instances of mental aberration, the process leaves indelible marks, and a few evenings ago a gentleman was lamenting his state to me. I listened to his complaints, and was rewarded with a few facts worth recording. There were one or two men in town who used to earn very large sums when tattooing was fashionable, on account of the particular realism of their designs. He rolled up his shirt-sleeves and showed me a *chef d'œuvre* of one of these artists. It was certainly startling. His arm appeared to be transfixed by a dagger, and bleeding freely. It was, in reality, a skilful tattoo of a dagger-hilt at the one side and a point at the other, with traces round the side of blood. I have no wish to deny that it was splendidly done, but I seriously question the sense of submitting to the tattoo. Would not Max Nordau find in this senseless, but apparently harmless, form of amusement fresh symptoms of degeneration?



PRIZE-WINNERS AT THE DARLINGTON SHOW.

*Photographs by Henry R. Gibbs, Kingsland Road, N.*



MR. W. REGINALD FLOWER'S DORSET HORNED RAM, "FLOWERS NO. 45."



THE EARL OF ELLESMERE'S SUFFOLK TWO-SHEAR RAM (FIRST PRIZE).



LORD POLWARTH'S CHAMPION SHORTHORN BULL, "NONSUCH."



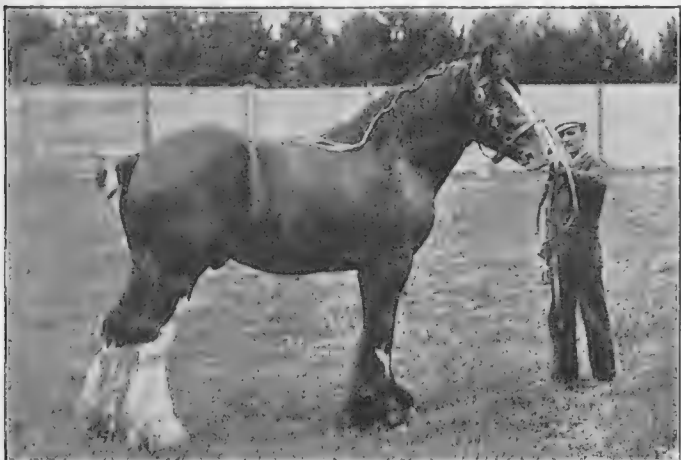
MR. C. SMITH GRANT'S ABERDEEN ANGUS CHAMPION HEIFER, "LEGEND."



MR. ALLEN EDWARDS HUGHES'S FIRST PRIZE HEREFORD BULL, "LIBERTY."



COLONEL PLATTS' FIRST PRIZE WELSH BULL, "THE ALDERMAN."



LORD MIDDLETON'S CHAMPION SHIRE STALLION, "CALAMITE."



MR. CUTHBERT QUILTER'S SUFFOLK STALLION, "PRINCE WEDGEWOOD."



The installation of the new Masonic Lodge named after Rahere, the founder of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, was a great success. The Prince of Wales having constituted the Lodge with the usual formalities,



RAHERE.

Photo by Mr. E. C. Fincham.

the Grand Secretary installed Dr. Clement Godson, Past Grand Deacon, as the First Master. In his turn, the Worshipful Master appointed the principal officers. After the appointment of the other officers, the Prince of Wales, on the motion of the Worshipful Master, was invited by acclamation to become the first honorary member of the lodge.

Few things have entered into our habits with more astounding rapidity than the giddy wheel, with which we have overridden all preceding conventionality this year. The scoffs and shrugs of half-a-dozen months ago are quite forgotten in the overmastering fascina-

tion of "Le Sport." An invaluable adjunct for the flirtaciously minded, it is no less useful as a much-appreciated interlude in matrimony. It stimulates the dyspeptic's absent appetite, and acts as an absolute sedative of the nervous system, inasmuch as one is enabled to leave worries, excitements, and one's own wife or husband, behind for the time being, than which there is surely no more healing balm in or out of any possible Gilead. From Battersea to the City has become a favourite evening excursion with those who frequent that Elysium of the Surrey-side; while breakfasts are the present morning vogue at White's, artificially developed hunger being a favourite feature of this amusement. Lord Onslow's breakfast-parties at the Annexe are very merry and much-enjoyed functions, many smart bachelors following suit, to the relief and solace of early rising dowagers, to whom these morning gaieties at first promised no compensation.

The bathos that surrounds modern French duelling has survived—more's the wonder!—a sufficient share of ridicule, but its climax seems to have been reached by the number of pressing invitations to fight that have been lately showered on the traducer of "Messieurs les Étudiants" in the *Echo*. M. Taithade was indeed so busy last week pinking and being pinked that he had in the end to explain that his ordinary business of light literature suffered so severely from this wholesale massacre of students, over which he had been hard at work, that he positively must decline any further sanguinary engagements for the moment. One of these spirited inhabitants of the Quartier Latin, on being hauled up for a mixed display of conviviality and righteous wrath, turned out, by the way, to be nephew to the Queen of Madagascar.

An incident of the recent political upheaval came under my notice in a rather pathetic way some days since, when teazing at the house of a well-known Member of Parliament, whose duties, however, not to mention inclinations, keep him more in town than among his confiding constituents. "I'm in a horrid hole," he told us; "have to leave for the North to-morrow, and deliver a consensus of facts on a local question, recently come up, of which I know absolutely nothing." "But your secretary?" I suggested. "Doesn't know anything, either," was the dejected reply. "And your powers of invention?" "Ah, that's an excellent idea!" he said, brightening visibly. "I'll run down and look up one of the Irish Members at once." After which, we saw him no more. I feel sure that speech was a success, though. Facts are a mere interruption to flowing periods in a political crisis.

There is an old, true saying that one half of the world does not know how the other half lives. I am always verifying the statement. The last instance was one I met a fortnight ago, while enjoying a fresh breeze at sea, a few miles away from Folkestone. A small boat passed us, occupied by three men. They did not look like fisher-folk or longshoremen, and I asked a friend who is a naval officer what their occupation is. "It is a very curious one," he replied; "they row about all day when there is no wind for their sail, and search for jobs. Their speciality is looking after wreckage when anything goes on the Goodwin Sands. If you are a foreigner, yachting in these parts, they will show you the way; if you want some piece of ship's tackle, they will supply it quickly and cheaply, provided you ask no questions as to its origin. They will fetch, carry, smuggle, steal, cadge, or do anything else to earn an honest living. I know many of them by sight. They never seem to get into trouble, and are often very useful to passing ships. Sometimes they wait for incoming vessels with newspapers, but their *modus vivendi* is not always so innocent. Altogether, they lead a rough life, and don't earn

very much." I wonder what relationship they bear to those ingenious gentlemen who furnish the Thames Police with an object in life?

A friend of mine who has just returned from Italy, where he has been wandering for several months, told me an amusing story with regard to one of those railways that disfigure the high places of that delightful country, though doubtless to the lazy and the invalid they are a blessing and a boon. My friend was seated in one of the cars near a stout English matron as they made the ascent of a certain mountain. "And where should we go, conductor, if the break would not work?" asked the stout lady, in vile Italian. The conductor courteously explained that in such circumstance there was a second break, a duplicate safeguard, which might be relied on in such an unlikely emergency. "And where should we go, conductor, if this second break would not work?" repeated the persistent stout one. "Ah! Madame," replied the official, with an inimitable shrug and smile, "that would depend on what our lives had been."

I was one of the two or three English journalists to chronicle, some time back, the great success made in America in "The Cotton King" by that fine old actor, Mr. Dominick Murray. Now, I hear, he is retiring with a fortune after thirty years of transatlantic stage-work, and is about to settle down on his estate in Canada. All honour to him for his steady pursuit of the business of affording others pleasure!

Mr. Shiel Barry, who is acknowledged to be in the first rank of living Irish character actors, has just been appearing at the Parkhurst Theatre, in Holloway, in his old part of Harvey Duff, the police spy, in "The Shaughraun," a character which he sustained on the production of that play at Drury Lane, nearly twenty years ago. In Boucicault's dramas Mr. Shiel Barry has always figured prominently, for he supported Dion the elder in several of his plays, both in London and America, and, quite recently, he has been appearing in the provinces as Danny Mann in "The Colleen Bawn," the company being that of Madame Constance Bellamy, favourably known both as actress and as operatic vocalist. Of course, Shiel Barry's greatest impersonation was that of Gaspard, the old miser, in Robert Planquette's long popular "Cloches de Corneville." I well remember the intensity of his acting quite early in the run of that tremendously successful comic opera. As Gaspard, he has had many successors, but no superior. Many years ago, I should note, Mr. Shiel Barry acted much in Australia.

Before any public announcements were made, I was told, privately and in confidence, of Mr. Ernest Leicester's engagement as leading man by Miss Olga Nethersole. Mr. Leicester (who is now playing in "The Prude's Progress") has always, by good management as well as by good luck, contrived to obtain comfortable "shops," and he will be much missed by audiences of the Surrey Theatre, where he succeeded Mr. Clarence Hague as lead, three or four seasons back, on the latter's engagement by Mr. Irving. Thus, both have successfully passed from the South side to the West End.

I happened to drop into the Prince of Wales's Theatre one night last week, and found that Mr. Roberts's place as Gentleman Joe was occupied for the nonce by Mr. Eric Thorne. He is the same size and build of a man as Arthur, and fills that worthy's shoes with much cleverness. Indeed, it is difficult to believe that there could be so little difference between Mr. Roberts and his understudy. The piece goes better than ever, although one might find a livelier Mrs. Ralli-Carr than Miss Phyllis Broughton.

Miss Jennie Lee, the celebrated "Poor Jo" of a well-known dramatisation of "Bleak House," was unceremoniously killed off in some newspapers not so long ago, owing to a stupid piece of confusion with another actress of the same name. She has lately, I note, come from Australia to Johannesburg, where she has been appearing at the Standard Theatre with her own company, in a repertory including "Jo," of course. Johannesburgers have been welcoming back two other good artists—no strangers to them—Mr. Avon Saxon, who was in the original double cast of "Ivanhoe," and his wife, Mdlle. Virginie Cheron, who has been named the South African Patti, or Nightingale, or something equally complimentary. Mr. Avon Saxon is accompanied by the Saxon Glee Singers, comprising, in addition to himself, Messrs. Walter Turner, James Williams, and Albert Entwistle.

Those interesting domestic animals whose keep, as previously paragraphed by me, figure as items in the Budget of Messina, have been paralleled in another part of the world. In some out-of-the-way place the Municipal mule died, and, as it had been, apparently, an animal of some importance, its funeral expenses were voted by the Town Council, and it received also the honour of an obituary notice in the local paper!



MR. THORNE AS GENTLEMAN JOE.



## HERR KLEIN OF THE SAXE-COBURG TROUPE.

It was the morning after the production of "Die Hiemath," at Drury Lane, where Herr Adolf Klein's impersonation of Colonel Schwartz, Magda's terrible father, had sent a shudder through the whole house, that I sat in some trepidation (writes a *Sketch* representative), waiting for the famous Berlin actor.

How was I to ask him the hundred-and-one questions expected of an interviewer if he looked at me with the awe-inspiring eyes which had haunted me since the curtain rang up the night before? The bare idea sent a cold chill down my spine, and I felt every word of German I ever knew basely deserting me.

My meditations were cut short by the airy entrance of a tall, broad-shouldered man, who, after apologising for being a little late, stood in front of me, with the best-tempered smile in the world twinkling in a pair of brown eyes, and pulling at the corners of a clear-cut mouth. I fairly gasped. This Herr Klein, this good-natured, humorous-looking man, with the clever face of a born comedian? Schwartz's terrible eyes vanished into thin air, and, with them, half my fears.

"I should never have recognised you," I exclaimed, as we sat down. "Never. You positively frightened me last night."

"So, so," he said, amused. "Frightened you, did I? Then what would you say to my playing in a burlesque?"

"It's impossible to think of Schwartz doing anything so nice, but you—oh, easily." The German dictionary, under the influence of the

subdued twinkle in those brown eyes, was slowly finding its way back again. "When was it?"

"More than thirty years ago, when I first went on the stage. The first piece I ever played in was a burlesque called 'Gold Onkel,' and I had about twenty words to say. It was in Vienna. I am an Austrian, you know—not a German. I saw the inside of a theatre for the first time in my life when I was sixteen, and, two years afterwards, I made my début."

"And since?"

"Since? Oh! I have wandered round, playing in endless towns in Germany, Vienna, St. Petersburg,



HERR KLEIN.

Photo by Martini and Co., St. Petersburg.

Moscow. I am at the Hof-Theater there now. In thirty years one can see and do a great deal."

"And now you have come to London—well, what do think of it?"

"Think of it? It's wonderful—so big, so vast!"

"Kolossal, as you say in Germany. And what have you seen here?"

"Well," with a smile, "principally streets and theatres, so far."

"Theatres!" I exclaimed. "Which ones?"

"Oh! the other day I was at the Tivoli and the Empire."

"But we don't call those theatres. They are music-halls."

"Ach! so, so! music-halls," he repeated. Well, then, I went to see 'The Merchant of Venice,' at the Lyceum, and I liked it immensely," he answered frankly, "immensely! Irving's Shylock is a wonderfully interesting study, especially to me."

"You play Shylock yourself, Herr Klein, is it not so?"

"Yes, and differently. Irving's Shylock intends to have that pound of flesh from the very beginning, but my conception is quite different. As a Jew, he had been loathed by all the Christian merchants of Venice, and, when one of them comes to him for help, Shylock sees an opportunity to prove he is not so avaricious, so vile, as they would make him. He will ask no interest on his loan, and, to prove that he is in earnest about this, he suggests the absurd compensation of a pound of flesh. Antonio will, of course, pay his debt, and Shylock will receive no penny of interest. But then the one thing he loves in the world besides his gold, his daughter, is stolen from him by a Christian, and, while still smarting with this injury, he learns that Antonio cannot pay his debt. Then, in his thirst for revenge on the race who have robbed him of daughter and gold, he will have his pound of flesh—his pound of flesh, and nothing else."

There was something so sinister in the sound of these words; they seemed to express such a hankering after a whole pound of flesh, and I had such an uncomfortable sensation Herr Klein might insist on my furnishing him with the same, that I changed the subject.

"Do you act in any other of Shakespeare's plays?"

"Yes, a great many. I play King Lear, the Duke of Kent, the King of France in 'Henry IV.,' the Duke of Buckingham and Cardinal Beaufort in 'Henry VI.,' Macbeth, Hamlet, Polonius—"

"What a list!" Did you see anything else at the Lyceum?"

"Oh, yes—'Faust.'"

"You play Mephistopheles, too?"

Herr Klein leaned back in his chair and nodded. "Such a queer thing happened to me once," he said, "in connection with that part."

There was a story coming, and I sat quiet.

"It was about the queerest thing I ever had happen," he went on, musingly. "I was studying for the part of a poor devil whose mind is deranged, and who, when he knows what he wants to say, cannot make the right words come out at his mouth. Well, one day, when I was at the hospital, the doctors brought me a man who had been hopelessly ill of this complaint for years. He was quite incurable. No one had ever heard him say a sensible word. But no sooner did he see me than he stood quiet, still looking at me fixedly; then he said slowly, 'Klein, actor, from Berlin, Mephistopheles.'"

"But what an impression you must have made on him!" I exclaimed at last, wishing that he would play Mephistopheles over here. For even as I

stood saying prosaically "Guten morgens" to him, with everything, from his grey tweeds to his handshake, nineteenth century and human, there was a force and power about the man which convinced me that his devil would be real and vivid, the very embodiment of evil, with a horrible fascination born in the nether-world to grip at one's very heart-strings.

The operatic section of the Saxe-Coburg Company have given an excellent performance of "Fidelio." Leonore, in the person of Fräulein Sharnack, was certainly no Gulliver among Lilliputians, as we have been accustomed to see her, but she was sympathetic and powerful. Florestan was played by Herr Bernhardt, while versatile Herr Mahling took the part of Jacquino. The absence of "stars" was compensated for by the remarkable excellence of the *ensemble*. The atmosphere of the Savoy did not seem to have altogether agreed with the dramatic section of the Coburg Company, and L'Arronge's famous comedy, "Dr. Klaus," fell distinctly flat. In this play, decidedly the best of its kind bearing the label "Made in Germany," that clever comedian, Herr Weiss, took the part of Luhowski, a coachman who believes himself a born doctor, and, in his master's absence, does a sick farmer, with disastrous results. Herr Hubert was Dr. Klaus, while pretty Fräulein Linden took the part of his daughter, Emma, with Frau Wörsch as his wife. "Der Wildschütz," by Lortzing, is an opera not much to the taste of this generation. The music is charming in parts, and deliciously light and airy, but the plot is rambling and uncertain. At the end of the third act everybody is in precisely the same position as they were at the beginning of the first, with the exception of Baculus, the schoolmaster, who loses his donkey.

By the way, Madame von Pálmay, whose Christel in "Der Vogelhändler" is so good, has been especially engaged by a London manager for the winter season. She speaks English with the most delightful little accent possible. A few years ago she married a Bohemian, of Bohemia—not after the school of Murger. Madame Pálmay knows no Bohemian, and her husband no Hungarian, but they each speak a different Slavonic dialect, the one so like Bohemian, and the other so like Magyar, that mutual understanding is possible.



HERR KLEIN AS TRAST IN "DIE EHRE."

Photo by A. Adler, Dresden.

MADAME ILKA VON PÁLMAY AS HECTOR  
IN "KARLSSCHÜLERIN."

Photo by Székely, Vienna.



## AT RANDOM.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

"We'll e'en to 't like French falconers, fly at anything we see."

The season is dying hard. It has received what the elder novelists used to call a dastard blow from a dissolving Parliament. Strange that the round of philosophy and gaiety, which has its centre about the middle of Half-Moon Street—this is the speculation of an amateur geographer, who makes no pretensions to be an expert—should be broken by the whim of a Minister, or the caprice of a Parliamentary majority! In one of Bulwer's stories a gentleman, who is engaged in the black art, makes a magic circle with paraffin lamps in a convenient field, and passes an anxious night in keeping the lamps alight, to hold at bay the horde of mysterious foes, who are heard stamping and clamping in the darkness. Why have the incandescent sentries of Society availed not to check the stampede of wild M.P.'s, hastening to their constituencies, and trampling in a mad rush upon what Sir Barnes Newcome described as the poetry of the affection? In a balcony, faintly illumined by a mild electric ray, I see Romeo and Juliet lingering over the last good-night, Juliet in her best evening frock, and Romeo in a white waistcoat, bared manfully to the dew of heaven, for the weather is warm, and a tropical languor lurks even in the cold-water tap of the club lavatory. Says Juliet, "Must you go?" and Romeo replies, "Off to-morrow by first train—awful bore!—agent says the other side are circulating scandalous report." "What is that, dear?" says Juliet. "That I have eloped with grocer's daughter," replies Romeo. "Must turn up to contradict that. Dissenters in my constituency very strong, you know." And so he clambers down, not the balcony pillars, but the grand staircase, on which Montagues and Capulets, who bite their thumbs at one another in the House, are jammed together in struggling and perspiring amity.

The vigour of the season shines chiefly in its afternoon teas. For a crush on the stairs about eleven p.m. you have been fortified by dinner, and there is a sustaining possibility of supper in the sweltering beyond. But for afternoon tea you are physically and spiritually unprepared. The sparkle of the wine-cup (it is very good at the club for the really moderate price of half-a-crown the pint) has not yet glanced through your brain, kindling there the congenial spirit of fantasy. That nimble wit of yours yawns lazily at five o'clock, and grows sullen when invited to be gay on a beaker of Bohea. Nothing is more heroic than the energy with which Society gathers its forces of an afternoon, to storm the breach in the Castle of Ennui, and, tea-cup in hand, plant the banner of intellect on the walls of the citadel. I admire the zeal of eminent humorists in this fatiguing exercise. They arrive in a dispirited state, evidently unhopful of any flashes of merriment. I believe the eminent humorist goes out to tea on a forlorn quest for quips which are so unlikely to come to him when he is wearing, not vine, but tea-leaves, in his hair. As soon as he enters the room he is engaged in conversation by the sprightly hostess, while a crowd of expectant auditors wait, open-mouthed, for the flow of soul.

S. H. How late you are! I fear you will find the tea as flat as the conversation.

E. H. (*dejectedly*). Not at all, I am sure. They both recall the delicious repartees of thirty years ago. [EXPECTANT AUDITORS, *rather puzzled, smile feebly*.

S. H. (*after a pause*). That's a quotation, isn't it? Why, of course, it's the advertisement of tea that's on all the hoardings. You know. (*Explains origin of joke to EXPECTANT AUDITORS.*)

E. A.'s. Oh, yes! How very amusing!

[EMINENT HUMORIST nibbles cake and sighs heavily.

At this juncture another humorist saunters upon the scene, and nods wearily to his brother in affliction. The expectant auditors are more alert than ever, for they have an incurable belief that, when eminent humorists foregather, the air is sure to scintillate with waggery. The sprightly hostess looks archly at the pair, and whispers audibly, "Aren't they too funny?" which sends a ripple of anticipation through the admiring circle.

FIRST E. H. How's the market?

SECOND E. H. Had a straight talk with my publisher this morning. He said times were bad, and he couldn't afford to go on paying me four shillings a copy on a three-and-sixpenny book.

FIRST E. H. The greed of these middlemen is astounding!

SECOND E. H. Well, he went on in that strain for some time; said he should die a beggar, and his orphans would have to sell toy-monkeys in Cheapside; and then I said I had an offer of five shillings a copy for my next book, "Fops and Frumps." You should have seen the change that came over him! He went down on his knees, and begged me not to desert his wife and family.

FIRST E. H. I tell you what it is. The time has come for a final settlement with these publishers. We must take over the whole business, and pay them each a

small allowance—just enough to keep them alive in some cheap out-of-the-way place, like Sark.

SECOND E. H. Just so. I've been figuring the whole thing out. Five-and-sixpence a-week for a family, and three shillings for a single man, with a free ounce of tobacco at Christmas, and twopence a-quarter for amusements, circulating library, and merry-go-rounds. Every child, on attaining the age of twenty-five, to receive a copy of "Fops and Frumps." I think that's liberal.

FIRST E. H. Liberal! I call it princely. What a head you have for organisation!

SPRIGHTLY HOSTESS (*to EXPECTANT AUDITORS at the door*). Must you go? What did those two talk about? A Home for Lost and Starving Publishers? What a beautiful idea! But, there—I always say that witty men have such good hearts! (*To CONSCIENTIOUS PUBLIC SERVANT who arrives breathless*). Dreadful man! Where have you been?

C. P. S. So sorry—no tea, thanks—too stimulating—a little hot water with a dash of milk—had awful afternoon—change of Ministry; you know—new chief—he had to be introduced to the office—he was most embarrassed—my heart bled for him—another plate of macaroons, please.

POPULAR ACTRESS (*with interest*). Has he a good part?

C. P. S. I should think so! He stars at five thousand a-year, and the office does the work.

P. A. So the company always say.

There is not on these occasions a profusion of what is termed "witty repartee" in the prospectus of a benevolent body known as the "Society of Entertainers." I gather from this prospectus that everything is supplied at a moderate cost, from acrobats to epigrams, and that you may be equipped with good things for any social emergency. There is a melancholy legend of a diner-out who was much esteemed in his circle for original conundrums, with which he enlivened the feast, and which he purchased secretly from the manufacturer. All went well till a fateful evening, when he and another guest began simultaneously, "Why is the Atlantic ocean—?" They paused and glared at each other, while the company sat astounded by this coincidence of genius. "I thought of this while I was shaving," said one. "I invented it on the top of an omnibus," retorted his rival. At last it was decided that the conundrum should be written on two separate pieces of paper, and, when they were compared, lo! they were exactly the same. Both diners-out called on the riddle-maker in a rage, and withdrew their custom. No doubt, the "Society of Entertainers," if it embarks in this retail business, will be careful to make the sales of "witty repartee" strictly exclusive. Properly conducted, this might become a great and beneficial work. Fundamentally speaking, our national stock of rejoinder is represented by the primitive elements of "You're another!" and "Nobody axed you, Sir," she said." These are, so to say, the Adam and Eve of repartee, and in the street to-day you may still hear the simple discourse of those great progenitors. But the higher life is so sophisticated now that primitive retort does not satisfy our needs; besides, we want a repartee which shall be delicate as well as piercing, subtly adapted to all the refinements of intercourse, and not suggestive of sticking an adversary with a two-pronged fork. Here is a great opportunity for the "Society of Entertainers" to purvey an article nicely adjusted to varying temperaments, and calculated to promote the general joy.

In a recent French novel there is an amusing description of a Parisian *coterie* devoted to the research of original ideas. A frivolous lady, who is reproached by her spiritual adviser because she has not confessed for fifteen days, turns to a friend, and says, "I am waiting till I have something really heavy on my conscience. I am so tired of little sins. *Péchez-vous beaucoup, Monsieur?*" That is a rather adroit turn of conversation, though, if carried too far, it might be embarrassing. Not so happy is the situation of a humorist who adopts a carefully philosophical attitude, when seated in a salon, and who is suddenly spread upon the floor by the breaking of his chair. With the eyes of the whole room upon him, he feels this is a moment for a memorable saying, but he can think of nothing better than "Life is a field of carnage," which makes no profound impression. Ah! those moments when we have failed to cope with the unexpected crisis! How they haunt us in the silence of desolate musings, when we reconstruct the past, and perceive, by a retrospective flash, how we ought to have acted, what we ought to have said! The Parisian *coterie* endeavours to avert this calamity by a studious rejection of conventions. It is commonplace to appreciate famous authors and artists; so the canvases of unknown painters are hung on the walls of the salon, and the verse of obscure scribblers is acclaimed as the rare flower of Parnassus. I don't know that this is a more dubious prescription of originality than the habit I find in some quarters of embracing two or three dead authors, and banning every living pen. Happily, the constant vigil of the reviewer preserves some of us from this narrow outlook, though Sister Anne, on the watch-tower, may not see many champions coming to dispute the supremacy of the giants.



PICTURESQUE IRELAND.—II.

*Photographs by F. G. Calcott, Teddington.*



ST. LAURENCE'S GATE, DROGHEDA.



ANCIENT CROSS, NEAR DROGHEDA.



TOWER AT SWORDS, DUBLIN.



A FAMILIAR FIGURE.



INTERIOR OF ST. PATRICK'S, DUBLIN.



A TYPICAL COTTAR.



ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL, DUBLIN.



PHULAPHUKA WATERFALL, WICKLOW.



SHANDON STEEPLE, CORK.



## A SWEET SINGER.

## TEN MINUTES WITH MADAME HOPE GLENN.

Those music-lovers to whom Madame Hope Glenn has given many moments of perfect enjoyment may search in vain through "Men and Women of the Time," and similar compilations, for any personal details anent their favourite vocalist.

Though living for and absorbed in her art, she has never sought to obtain the kind of personal tributes to her talent so often paid nowadays to popular favourites, and she is at all times more eager to talk, with keen appreciation, of her friends and comrades than of herself and her personal career.

"Considering that I was born in Iowa, 'out West,' I suppose I ought to call myself an American," she observed, laughing, in answer to a representative of *The Sketch*. "However, as you can tell from my name, I am of Scottish extraction, my great-great-grandfather, a Highlander, having emigrated to the United States at the end of the last century. I have always loved Scotland, and delight in Scottish songs; but, still, I am proud of belonging to the Stars and Stripes."

"I believe, Madame Glenn, that you are mentioned in a book of Sir Morell Mackenzie's as having been a remarkable instance of a child prodigy?"

"Well, not exactly," she answered thoughtfully; "he simply quoted me as one of the very rare instances where a voice remained unspoiled through a good deal of youthful singing. As a child I had a tremendously strong voice, and, when only ten years old, often sang as principal or only contralto in one of the large choirs which are such a feature of American musical life."

"And what led you to become a professional singer?"

"Greatly, I fancy, owing to my own determination, and an intense love of music. I passed an ideally happy childhood, with the best father and mother in the world, but we lived in a very out-of-the-way place. Any kind of musical tuition was difficult; so at last, with great reluctance and hesitation, my parents allowed me to go to Chicago in order to take lessons from the great singing-teacher, Mr. F. W. Root. My mother still looks back," continued Madame Hope Glenn, "to the day when she made up her mind to let me leave home as the most trying moment, to her, of my professional life."

"I need hardly tell you," she added, after a short pause, "the feelings of the little country girl when she, for the first time, saw an opera performed. My first professional engagement occurred in Chicago, and I went on, at a moment's notice, to take a well-known singer's place in a concert, this leading to my being afterwards offered an engagement in a great church choir, at six hundred dollars per annum. Mr. Root, to whom I consider I owe not a little of my later success, persuaded my parents to allow me to come to Europe."

"Once in Paris, I became a pupil of Madame Viardot, who proved not only a most valued teacher, but a kind friend. Of course, she had her peculiarities; she would never take as a pupil any girl whose voice was not already well posed. When she found that this was lacking, she handed her over to her sister-in-law to be grounded. Mr. Root saved me from this intermediate stage, and I spent two delightful years with, I suppose, one of the best teachers of singing the world has ever known. Madame Viardot scarcely ever uttered a note, and I never heard her sing even one verse of a song, but she took unending trouble with her pupils. I keep precious the quaint little manuscript books filled with the exercises which she wrote for me during my lessons. She wrote these out for each pupil she taught, modifying the exercises—written exquisitely neatly in pencil—for each voice."

"Were you studying with a view to opera?"

"Yes, like most young vocalists, my dream was to become an operatic singer, and, with this end in view, I studied every classical and modern operatic score with Madame Viardot. It was in deference to her counsels that I went to Milan and became a pupil of the famous Lamperti, the master, you will remember, of Albani and many other great singers. He was," added Madame Glenn, laughing, "a most extraordinary man, utterly ignorant of French, or any other foreign language. He could not even speak Italian properly, but mumbled a kind of *patois* known only to himself. Again, he was incapable of singing a single note, yet the way he taught his pupils to produce their notes was something remarkable, and an hour spent with him was as good as a play. I sang thirty nights in Italy, and that," concluded Madame Hope Glenn, "made me understand the gigantic difficulties which stand in the way of every would-be opera-singer. I had also long loved sacred music, and it was that which led to my making my first visit to England, the home of oratorio."

"And have you never regretted giving up operatic work?"

"No, indeed! I have been, and am, thoroughly satisfied and happy. Thanks to a number of good introductions given me by Madame Viardot, I found, on my arrival in London, a host of friends. Sir Julius Benedict, Sir Arthur Sullivan, the now Sir Joseph Barnby, Mr. Manns, Sir Charles Hallé, and last, not least, the late Sir Frederick and Lady Pollock, were one and all most good and kind. I made my debut one Saturday at the Crystal Palace, and two days later sang at a Monday 'Pop.' It was about this time that Sir Julius Benedict foresaw what was going to occur. He said to me, 'True success will not come to you for three years. The first year your singing will attract favourable but slight attention; the second year people will remember your name; the third year they will look forward to hearing you again and again.' And what he said came to pass in exactly the order he had promised."

"I believe, Madame Glenn, that you are one of the few who can boast of having had a lesson from Jenny Lind?"

"Yes, our acquaintance came about in a curious fashion. You know, her husband was conductor of the Bach Choir, and she used to sometimes sing in the chorus, while I was soloist. I was, naturally, eager to make her acquaintance. One day a friend took me to call on her, warning me to expect nothing, for she was shy, reserved, and rarely took to new acquaintances. To my surprise, she asked me to come and practise Bach with her, and I shall never forget an incident that occurred the second time I saw her. Before going on to Madame Lind-Goldschmidt's house I had been spending half-an-hour with Mrs. Playfair, who presented me with a bunch of beautiful Neapolitan violets just arrived from Italy. I pinned them in the front of my dress, and went off to keep my appointment with Jenny Lind. Scarcely had I been shown into her room, when the door opened and she appeared. Suddenly her eyes flashed, and, springing forward, she gripped hold of my throat, and tore the violets out of my dress, crying, 'Child, do you wish to ruin your voice?' I was frightened out of my wits, for I did not then know how injurious were the effects produced on the voice by any kind of blossom."

"And had Madame Lind any special method differing from those of other singers you have known?"

"She thought a great deal of what she styled singing naturally. Bach was her idol, and his Christmas Oratorio her favourite among his works. 'As to singing naturally,' proceeded Madame Glenn, "of course the effect produced should be that; but every register has in it some defect which can only be remedied by art and practice. Nowadays critics have been educated to a kind of perfection, and expect to get it in any singer who has pretensions to a really good or well-trained voice."

"I suppose, to ask you which is your own favourite oratorio would be an invidious question?"

"It is, at any rate, one which is impossible to answer. I delight in all sacred music, and among my most pleasing professional experiences have been the various festivals held at Worcester, Birmingham, and Bristol, in which I have taken part."

"You are also very popular among the ballad-loving public?"

"Oh, in ballad music I can unhesitatingly declare my preference for Scottish songs. Perhaps the compliment which has given me most pleasure was when once Mr. Manns remarked to a friend, after hearing me sing 'Caller Herrin,' 'She sang it so well, I could smell the fish.'"

"And what do you feel on the great encore question?"

"Well," she admitted brightly, "like everyone else, I love genuine applause, but I sometimes can't help wishing that the dear people would not ask for an encore. As for me, I cannot repeat a song, especially if, as is generally the case with me, the words which I have been singing are pathetic and full of feeling. Perhaps you would be amused to hear that I am a great believer in will-power, and, to a certain extent, admit the idea that members of an audience can make a singer succeed or fail. I also attribute great importance to clothes; I sing less well in some gowns than I do in others."

"I suppose you now find it unnecessary to practise?"

"No, indeed; a singer must not give up that important portion of her work. Practice is to the human voice what oil is to a machine—it prevents the works getting rusty and keeps everything in good working order."

"One last word, Madame Glenn. How is it we have lately heard, in every sense, so little of you?"

The sweet singer smiled sadly. "The last six years of my life have been so overwhelmed by sorrow that I have had no heart to put the necessary spirit and enthusiasm into my work; and yet I am absolutely devoted to my profession, and I now hope that the future will see me once more able to throw myself heart and soul into my work."



THE WELLINGTON MONUMENT, PHOENIX PARK.  
Photo by F. G. Calcutt, Teddington.





MADAME HOPE GLENN.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MESSRS. RUSSELL AND SONS, BAKER STREET, W.



## THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

## "MY CLIMBS IN THE ALPS AND CAUCASUS."\*

Mr. Mummery is a bold man. Not because he climbs up by cracks in the face of vertical precipices, as depicted in this work, and is quite happy when compelled to proceed along the lower edge of an overhanging slab, "supported mainly by gripping the lower edge of this slab between our fingers and thumbs, while our legs sprawled about on the next slab below in a way which suggested that such useless appendages would have been better left at home," nor on account of any of the physical exploits narrated in his pages, do we make this assertion; but because, from the spirit which breathes throughout the whole book, and in some places finds combative utterance, it is clear that, in defending his favourite sport, he means to hold ground which former defenders—official defenders, at any rate—have studiously avoided. "What an idiotic pursuit," the Philistine has said, "is this of going out of your way to run into danger!" Presidents and ex-presidents of the Alpine Club have retorted, "Not a bit of danger for the man sound in wind and limb, if he will only follow certain recognised rules. Let him avoid places where ice and stones are in the habit of coming down; let him attend to the use of the rope; and let him recognise that a place where the rope, from a safeguard to the individual becomes a danger to the whole party, is no place for him. Above all, let him never climb in a party of less than three." Presidents and ex-presidents own with contrition that, on occasion, they have at times neglected these precepts; but they trust to be forgiven. Now comes Mr. Mummery, and says plainly, "Danger? Yes, of course there is danger; and it would be a poor sport if there was not." Not merely the danger, either, which a man's own strength and nimbleness can avert, but even the dangers which the older school thought it foolhardy to affront. In a gully raked by stones, or on a slope swept by avalanches, the rope, by hampering rapid, independent movement, is, no doubt, an additional source of danger. The older climbers said, "Do not go there, then?"; Mr. Mummery says, "Go there, but discard the rope, and let every man shift for himself." Surely it is but one step further to say, "If one man, though in love for the mountains, in pluck, in endurance, he may be quite equal to any of his companions, happen to be somewhat their inferior in muscular power or agility, let him take the consequences." We are well aware that Mr. Mummery himself would never take this step in practice. It is but rarely that he finds himself in a party of which he is not the tower of strength, and any strength he may have to spare is put freely at the disposal of his comrades. But even among climbers, we fear, there are selfish and jealous spirits; and if once any relaxation of the good old rule, of "each for all, and all for each," be tolerated, mountaineering, while retaining its gymnastic value, will lose most of the social and moral qualities which have distinguished it above all other recreations, and made it pre-eminently the sport of good-fellowship. In truth, the deterioration of the guide, about which Mr. Mummery has some sensible remarks, is largely due to the development of the gymnast, at the expense of the traveller, in modern mountaineering. It is the desire to "do," or have done, certain things recognised as difficult that has called into existence the guide who, for so many tens or hundreds of francs, will take you anywhere you like to name.

But these controversies are, after all, better left to be threshed out in the "organs" of the various Alpine clubs, nor should we have referred to them here if Mr. Mummery had not seemed to "trail his coat" a little. What will interest the general reader more than this, and more,

perhaps, than some of the rather technical details of rock-scrambles or the rather ancient humours of eating and drinking, are the passages which show that Mr. Mummery is, at all events, no mere gymnast, but has an eye both for the beauties of nature and for the quainter aspects of humanity. That so recently as 1880, hard-headed—in every sense of the word—Swiss peasants, from no remote district, but from one of the most tourist-frequented valleys of Switzerland, should believe in gold "growing" on the glaciers, and consider the possible hostility of spirits a factor to be seriously taken into account in calculating the chances of a climb, and counteracted by the payment of hard cash for candles to a friendly saint, certainly makes folk-lore a very living reality. That, at the same time, the same men should entirely refuse to believe in the existence of dragons, a matter on which not only their own forefathers, but the scientific men of their country less than two centuries ago, had no doubt whatever, shows how capriciously folk-lore rejects and retains.

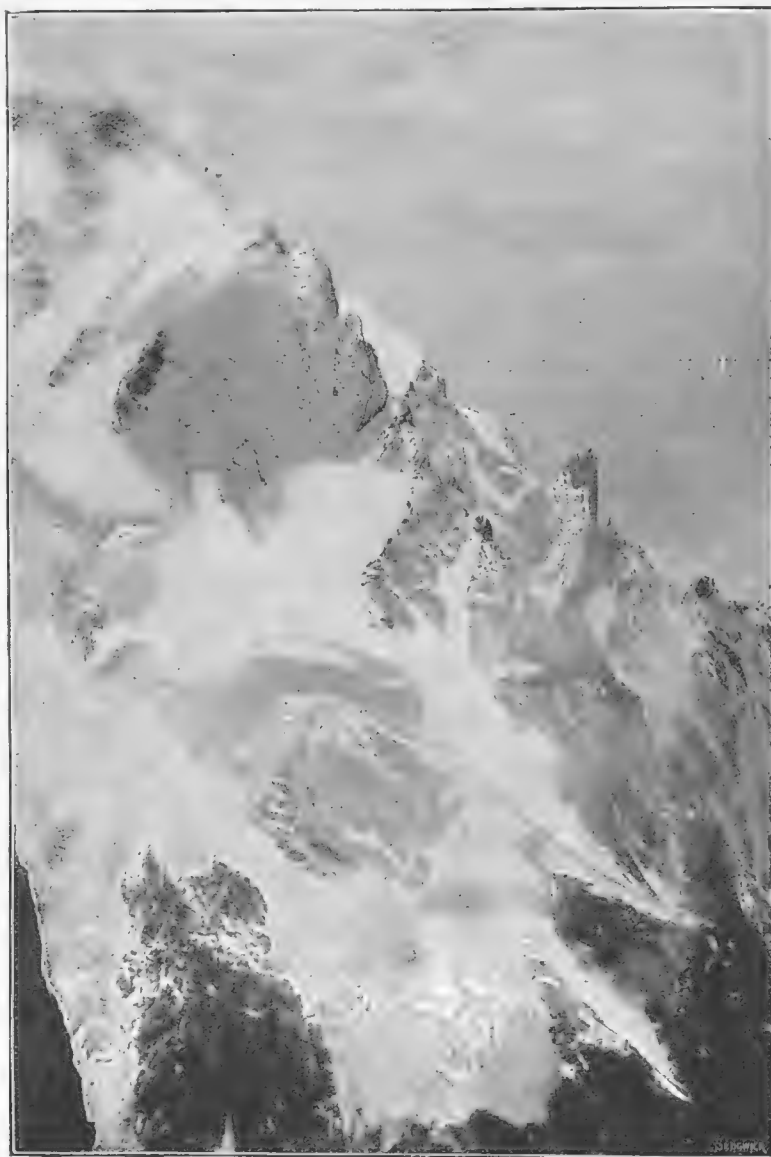
The Caucasus has now become the goal of all climbers who can afford the expenditure of time and money which a tour at the other end of Europe entails, and Mr. Mummery, belonging to that fortunate class, was naturally drawn that way. With a single Swiss guide, and the assistance, in the lower regions, of a plucky Tartar hunter—who seemed to need only a little technical training to become as efficient on the peaks as Mr. Conway's Ghoorkas have done—he made sundry interesting tours, culminating in the first ascent of the peak to which (after many experimental changes of appellation) the name Dych Tau seems now to be definitely attached, and which, with its 17,054 feet of height, overtops every summit of that great group except the mighty Elbruz. While Elbruz, however, is a "snow-grind," Dych Tau seems to require very considerable climbing powers. The following passage shows the kind of thing—

After prospecting the cliff on our right, Zurdluh came to the conclusion that nothing could be done on that side. We therefore turned our attention to the rocks on our left, and were soon traversing a huge slab, by the aid of various minute wrinkles and discolorations. Happily, it soon became possible to turn upwards, and, trusting mainly to our finger-tips and the sides of our boots, we forced our way back on to the ridge. . . . For a short distance it was almost horizontal and extraordinarily sharp—so much so, indeed, that we were fain to adopt the attitude much affected by foreign climbers in foreign forests, and progress was made on our hands, while a leg was slung over each side as a sort of balancing-pole.

The reader regrets that Miss Bristow was not at hand with the camera, which did such good service, as a former page shows, on the Aiguille du Grépon. The mention of a lady-climber reminds us that one of the very best and brightest chapters in the book is due to Mrs. Mummery, whose account of an ascent of the Täschhorn by a ridge appropriately known as the Teufelsgrat, and described by their guide as being "more beautiful than the Matterhorn," shows that, if we may be permitted to say so, the main author of the work has found, in all respects, "a help meet for him."

The book is beautifully illustrated. No "process," of course, can equal such wood-engraving as Mr. Whympers'; nor does the modern tinted lithograph render the colouring of the Alpine regions, to our thinking, so faithfully as the somewhat crude productions of an earlier time. But for detail, especially of rock structure, nothing can equal photogravure.

A. J. BUTLER.



THE BLAITIÈRE.

Sir Henry Ewart has won golden opinions in his new position as Crown Equerry, to which important position he was appointed last year on the death of Sir George Maude. This post is one of the most onerous of the Household offices, but it has the compensation of being the most lucrative, with the exception of that of Keeper of the Privy Purse. The place is worth at least £2500 a year, and includes a capital furnished house near Buckingham Palace, various perquisites, and the use of the royal horses and carriages.

\* "My Climbs in the Alps and Caucasus." By A. F. Mummery. London: Fisher Unwin.



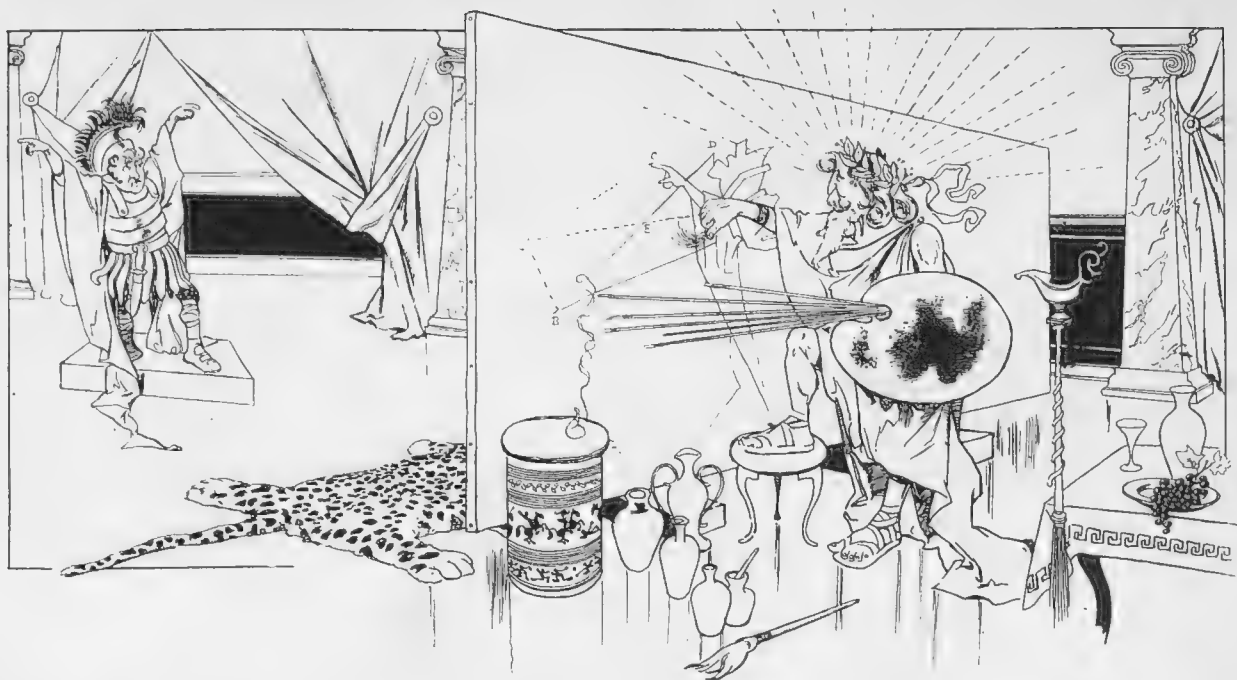
## THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



LADY VISITOR : " And what is your occupation ? "

OLD MAN : " Well, Mum, when I first came here I used to be the beadle, and then the next parson that came he called me the sextant, and now this 'ere one calls me the Virgin."





THE PROGRESS OF ART: PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.





A PAIR IN PARIS.



## AN IDEAL REALISED.

A quaintly built farmhouse, low and rambling and cosy within, whitewashed without, and with a porch grown over with jasmine, set in a garden with carefully kept walks, on either side of which grow the most old-fashioned and sweet-smelling flowers (with names as sweet and old-fashioned), and apple-trees, and geans, and berry-bushes, with their red, and black, and yellow fruit, and chiefly one rare Green Gascon, unsurpassed for flavour. That is the scene that rises to mind even now when any summer afternoon is sunny enough and lazy enough to carry me back to the Saturday half-holidays of twenty years ago.

All the year round this was an asylum for us in our troublesome hours, and no arrangement could have been more roundly satisfactory. Here we were beyond the reach of mischief, it seemed. - Considering the matter now, I am inclined to think the mischief not less imminent, but

thatch, and erected it on the bank, so that we might warily enough approach the quarry. Day after day we stalked the fish from behind it, still displaying the tackle and ourselves unmistakably. And it was well, perhaps, we did so, for, had we not thereby frightened away any decent fish from taking the bait, a smash must have followed the inevitable bob we gave from behind our screen to watch the destination of our worm. But once, by some inexplicable chance, we hooked a big 'un, and landed it—almost. Looking back upon that day now, the fancy that we caught that fish is as vivid as it was then.

Even a sheep-flake and hearts o'erflowing with piscatorial anguish could not make us fishers—not catchers of fish, at any rate; yet ours was joy unspeakable. Later, when perfected in the art of the dry-fly, skilled in presenting a paternoster to a perch, and not wanting in nice judgment in casting a Jock Scott in a salmon-stream, we revisited the pond at the garden-foot. Here were welcomes hearty as ever, it is certain; here, the Gascons of fine flavour, the sweet-smelling flowers. Alas! here was no longer the spring of youth; and, for want of it, all

Blue Persian.

English Long-haired.

Short-haired, Blue.

Persian White.

Spotted Short-haired Tabby.  
Short Black.White Angora.  
Persian Kitten.

Siamese Cat.

Tabby.

Persian.

PUSSIES.—LOUIS WAIN.

only the responsibility of it shifted to other shoulders; and so hither we were packed, nothing loath. For the welcomes waiting us were the heartiest, the curiosities the farm-town held the rarest, its savours the most delectable, its adventures the most satisfying, in the world.

Some of these are never to be forgotten. Such was the crow-shooting party in the spring, or the driving of the rake in harvest, or the accompanying of the farmer himself, a little later, when he went out after the partridges. Milder, but more enduring than any, was fishing in the pond to which these trim garden walks led. To us, then, not a pond, but a lake—a most prolific lake! And sometimes the float—and what a float it was!—with a steady dive, would disappear beneath the surface, and, in businesslike manner, make for the centre of the water, and then the thrill of the angler went through us. Short-lived thrill! For, with a sudden jerk, rod, line, and all came to grief, and we, like the maiden, were left lamenting.

By-and-by the cattle-man came to our aid with advice and a sheep-flake. "Taint no use fishing like that," was the advice. "In this pond there is only little 'uns and very big 'uns." The "little 'uns" would not satisfy us, he knew; and the "big 'uns" were quite beyond our skill thus; so he brought down the sheep-gate, and intertwined it closely with

these had lost their glamour. The garden appeared shorter than it used to be; the lake was a lake no longer, and we wondered that we could have taken pleasure ever in sounding the depths of such a pool with a worm.

Well, the other day we paid this pond of our youth still another visit, a little less ready, perhaps, because of a year or two of experience, to laugh at youthful folly, but not inclined the more to erect a sheep-flake on the bank and cast over it. We were not asked to. Whatever we thought this time of the flowers and the berry-bushes, here, at any rate, was an angling-water to our desire. The pool had disappeared, and once more a lake was stretched out before our eyes, this time by the wand of a wizard as genial as youth itself. Its proprietor now is a good angler, to whom came the happy thought of diverting into it a stream that flowed near, and of planting in it food for the fish that now give him and his friends (among whom we number) grand sport. And thus, once more, we are fishing in the duck-pond at the end of the farm garden, become a lake as broad as ever we dreamed of, catching lively trout where once we thought we had caught them in sticklebacks and tough old carp, and, by the knowledge of a later day, realising again an ideal of youth.

ROUGH OLIVE.



THE ART OF THE DAY.



STARTLED.—WALTER HUNT.

REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION OF MESSRS. FROST AND REED, BRISTOL, WHO ARE PREPARING AN ENGRAVING OF THE PICTURE.



## ART NOTES.

Miss E. Thornton-Clarke, the painter of the miniature here reproduced, is becoming a familiar exhibitor. The grand-daughter of the Rev. Charles Clifton, heir to one of the oldest baronetcies in England, who was for some years British chaplain at Brussels and formerly captain



THE ARTIST'S SISTER.—MISS E. THORNTON-CLARKE.  
Exhibited at the Institute of Painters in Water-Colours.

in the 28th Light Dragoons, she gained continuously for three years free scholarships at the National Art Training School. She has held a private exhibition of her work.

Last week we made casual mention of the fact that it was not likely that any successors would be elected as Royal Academicians to Mr. Hodgson and Mr. Henry Moore until the new year. But the Academy has bestirred itself, and it is now announced that an election will take place on the 26th of this month. It becomes, therefore, all the more difficult to make any probable predictions at all about the matter, in face of the fact that most of the artists who will have a final voice on the subject are at present away from town. It is said that the names of Mr. Leader



THE SENSE OF LIGHT.—MRS. A. L. SWYNNERTON.  
Exhibited at the New Gallery.

and of Mr. G. H. Boughton are among the likeliest, with whose names is found the name of Mr. Onslow Ford. The vacancy for the Associateship will not be filled up for some time.

The Academy *soirée*, held, as usual, at Burlington House, on Tuesday, July 2, was, perhaps, not so lavishly attended—whether owing to the heat, the atmospheric lassitude that prevailed, or what not—as it has been in former years. Sir Frederic Leighton, no doubt much improved

by his prolonged rest, but still carrying traces in his person of his recent acute illness, and supporting himself partly by the aid of a stick, received from nine o'clock until some time after midnight. There was an abundance of handsome colour to mingle with the colour upon the walls, and the meeting was gay enough.

But, inasmuch as it would be excessive to expect that the Royal Academy could, year by year, ever do anything which did not lend itself to hostile criticism, the correspondent of a contemporary has uttered a growl in connection with the *soirée*, which may be justifiable, but is certainly amusing. He is in arms in defence of the "spinster exhibitors" at the Royal Academy. These accomplished ladies, it seems, are not invited to the Academy in the company of "a friend." Consider, says this correspondent, in effect, consider the quantities of young lady-artists who "prefer to stay at home rather than courtesy, unchaperoned, to the P.R.A."

It seems that there are one hundred and eighty-one single-women exhibitors this year at the Royal Academy, "omitting sisters residing together." You may deduct from this one score who are the lucky possessors of "men relatives, who are also exhibitors," another score as living too far away, and another score who are practically indifferent to the



THE LATE ARCHBISHOP KNOX, PRIMATE OF IRELAND.—J. WHITEHEAD.  
Exhibited at the Royal Academy.

charms of an Academy *soirée*. "Would," asks this gallant correspondent, in a burst of virtuous scorn, "an extra hundred and twenty guests overcrowd the large suite of galleries, or even swell the impoverished Royal Academy's refreshment contractor's bill?" In the hour of the New Woman's triumph we need scarcely stay to characterise such a letter as unmanly, and as showing a want of confidence in our sisters which is positively painful.

On June 29, a day which is held sacred in the Roman Catholic Church to the memory of the Apostles Peter and Paul, was laid the foundation-stone of the building which will henceforth be known as Westminster Cathedral. So far as the art of the future building may be discussed, we may say that it will be in what is known as the Byzantine style—in the style, that is, of the early Basilica. One obvious advantage to be gained from this determination lies in the fact that the shell of the structure may be completed without the inclusion of the decoration, a convenience which will permit the early consecration of the cathedral. Mr. Bentley has prepared all the plans of the building, which meet, we are pleased to learn, with general acceptance.

An engraving will soon be published of a very pretty little picture, exhibited in this year's Royal Academy by Mr. A. J. Elsley, entitled "Make Haste." Messrs. Frost and Reed, the well-known print-sellers of Bristol, have obtained the copyright, and will publish it as a companion to Mr. Elsley's "Who Speaks First?"





A. E. Morton. 1895.

Copyright.

Kingsley's Country.

SWAN FOSC



## HEROES OF THE CRICKET FIELD.



MR. W. W. READ.



THE INDIAN EMPIRE EXHIBITION.

*Copyright Photographs by T. F. Robey and Co.*



BURMESE CHEROOT ROLLERS.



A CARPENTER AT WORK.



A BURMESE GROUP.



## A CHAT WITH MRS. LANGTRY.

Among the many treasure-houses of which may boast the city which was once described by Mr. Grant Allen as a "squalid village," Mrs. Langtry's pretty English home in Pont Street deserves to take a prominent place. The "Jersey Lily" possesses that rarest of gifts, a discerning taste. Modern æstheticism has for her no charm; she has almost an Eastern love of colour and barbaric magnificence, and Cleopatra herself, whom she has essayed to recreate on the stage, would not have felt out of place—or, indeed, out of keeping—in the drawing-room where Mrs. Langtry receives her guests.

The fact that your hostess is a travelled woman (writes a representative of *The Sketch*) is very evident in her surroundings. A huge white bearskin, brought by her from North Canada, forms a quaint contrast to the lovely Chinese embroidery, covered with strange devices of tropical birds and flowers, the result of a visit to the Chinese quarter of San Francisco.

Like Sarah Bernhardt, Mrs. Langtry always tries to make each of her creations accurate as to atmosphere and costume, and in a Louis Quinze cabinet are to be found the jewels, including a necklace of real Searabei, and the quaint silver amulet, containing a few drops of a lion's blood, which was worn by her when she impersonated "The Serpent of Old Nile."

Long before the silver table had become dear to the villa-suburban world, your hostess had realised the possibilities of the metal, and her love of the sea is emphasised by an exquisite specimen of the Dutch silversmith's art.

All over the beautiful room are souvenirs and mementoes of your hostess's past and present friends: some were gathered together in the now far-off days when their owner was a gay society butterfly, and others are connected with her successful professional career as an actress. Among her most valued possessions is a beautiful portrait, signed "Alexandra." It was presented to Mrs. Langtry by the Princess of Wales herself.

"What do I think of this new cycling craze?" she observed, in answer to a question. "Well, I cannot admire women who cycle

in inappropriate costumes—not that the problem seems to me a difficult one: no divided skirt will ever be becoming; but a short tweed petticoat, cut so as to clear the feet, looks well, and feels comfortable. But, you know, I do not attach so much importance to dress as people seem to think," she added, after a pause. "I never give my costumes a thought till the time comes for putting them on. And yet I admit that I like to wear something original and individual to myself. Still, I never designed a gown in my life, and should not care to waste my time doing such a thing. I take far more pains over the fit, and so on, of my home toilettes than I do over my stage

"Yes, and an imaginative American artist has already drawn me in the character, but I refused to take the part."

"How do you like your new play, 'Gossip'?"

"What a question! I thoroughly enjoyed my experiences in introducing it to an English audience the other week at old-world Islington—so much so, indeed, that I intend to tour with 'Gossip' to Portsmouth, Brighton (during the Goodwood week), and, later, to Birmingham."

"Talking of Goodwood, Mrs. Langtry, I suppose we may still expect great things of 'Mr. Jersey'?" And, even as the question was asked, the "tape" could be heard merrily clicking away in some distant corner of the house.

"Of course, I like to know what is going on," she said, laughing, "and I spend most of my Sundays at Newmarket Cottage; but really, devoted as I am to horses, there is nothing in the world so absorbing as either the stage or yachting. Though I like all kinds of sport, and manage to get some amusement out of everything I do, I am never quite so happy as when lying back on a deck-chair, reading, out of sight of land, and with my dog as shipmate. Perhaps you remember, the last time you came to see me, making my poodle Joe's acquaintance? Since then he has been half over the world." And we spent a few moments in admiring the griffin-like proportions and pure Ethiopian colour of the Champion Poodle of the world.

"I also remember catching a glimpse of your pretty little daughter on that far-off occasion."

"Little no longer," laughed her mother, and, opening a drawer in the substantial business-like writing-table where Mrs. Langtry transacts all her business, the lovely features of Miss Jeanne looked up at us from a number

of photographs taken in many countries, perhaps the prettiest being one in Dutch holiday-costume, which admirably set off the beautiful hair and eyes of the sitter. I should have liked immensely to reproduce it in these pages, but Mrs. Langtry had very different views on the subject.

"Give you one of these for *The Sketch*? No, indeed, much as I should like to do so; I strongly object to young girls being brought out early. Her portrait has never appeared in any paper"—and, a few

moments later, the subject of our talk herself appeared, accompanied by her grey-haired, stately grandmother, Mrs. Le Breton. Miss Jeanne is a simple, well-bred-looking girl, strongly recalling one or two of her mother's early portraits—those taken when Mrs. Langtry was just bursting upon the world, the fairest among a world of fair women, and a dream of loveliness.

Mrs. Langtry's bedroom, I may say in conclusion, is famous in its way, with its curtains and draperies of pale-blue brocade, its toilet-table, gold-framed mirror, and its bed curtained with brocade and net, enriched with an appliqué of lace. It has a long swing-glass, across the top of which is draped a satin ribbon, embroidered with the injunction to "Be to my faults a little blind," while one rounded window-recess is easily cushioned, and provided with an alabaster centre-table, on which stands a heart-shaped, gold-framed mirror, lighted from above by an electric-light globe, made in the likeness of a lily. The bath-room, with its white marble bath, is a dream of luxurious beauty.



MRS. LANGTRY.

Photo by Chickering, Boston.



MRS. LANGTRY AND HER PET DOG.

Photo by Chickering, Boston.

wardrobe. I remember that Worth once told me that the Americans were the best-dressed women in the world, and I fully endorse his opinion."

"By the way, is it true that you were asked when in America to play Trilby?"



MRS. LANGTRY AS TRILBY: AN IMAGINARY SKETCH. IN A RÔLE SHE HAS NEVER PLAYED.

Photo by Chickering, Boston.



THE YACHTING SEASON.



MRS. LANGTRY'S YACHT, THE WHITE LADY.



MRS. LANGTRY STEERING THE LONG-BOAT OFF HYÈRES.



THE VALKYRIE III. ON THE CLYDE.

*Photo by Maclure and Macdonald, Glasgow.*



THE CREW OF THE VALKYRIE III.  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WEST AND SON, SOUTHSEA.



## TALKS WITH STALL-GIRLS, AND A DEAL IN SCENT AND TEA.

I found myself at Olympia recently (says a *Sketch* representative), buying scent, of all things in the world. Now, while I may have required several bottles of scent for a friend, I could have no use for the cakes of soap, the toilet-powders, and the other fripperies I also accumulated at the stall; and I may as well admit at once that I only became a customer in order to talk to the engaging little attendant behind the counter, for everybody had been interviewed in the world of entertainment except a stall-girl.

"You get pretty long hours here?" I suggested.

"Practically, all round the clock," she replied.

"And yet you look happy and contented."

"What's the use of being anything else? Even supposing you can be anything else, I mean, and that isn't at all sure. First, I thought of being a telephone-girl, and then I thought of going in a shop.

But in most places the hours are just as long, and here you do get plenty of music, and lots of life, and so on."

"And unlimited opportunities of flirtation?"

"Not at this stall, Sir. You may get that at the other end of the building, but we don't keep it here. But, without that, we have liberty and amusement of a kind you could not possibly get in a shop. One can get through a chapter of a book, perhaps, in the quiet part of the day; or, if one is busy, the customers are more interesting. It is great fun, luring the country cousins into buying all sorts of things they don't want; and sometimes even the town cousins buy little things to remind them of Olympia and Olympia's girls. Now, wouldn't you like this silver-mounted scent-bottle? I'll make it only five-and-ninepence to you. It's no good pretending you don't hear."

"And how much trade do you do here in the course of a week?"

"Oh, not a great deal in money at this particular stall, because scent doesn't cost much. But at some of the fancy stalls they have frequently taken fifty pounds in a week."

"You must often be without a berth?"

"Oh, no! When one exhibition is over, there's always another somewhere, and there's no exhibition without stalls. The stalls seem to be



AT THE SCENT STALL.

Photo by Parascho, Olympia.

the backbone of all these shows, whether the flavouring be Oriental, German, Indian, or Japanese. As I was saying, the customers at these stalls are so much nicer than in shops. They never come and occupy your time for twenty minutes and then go away without spending anything. Now you have been here twenty minutes, for instance, and I know you haven't selected enough scent yet, have you, now?"

While my big package of perfumery was being done up, a familiar voice broke upon my ear, saying "Tea and coffee, vary nice coffee." It was the voice which, last year, used to call "Cigarette, vary nice cigarette." The Turkish girl with the large black eyes and the beautiful oval face was now behind a grocery stall, and, for no other reason that I know of than that I never drink tea, I promptly went and bought a couple of pounds.

"Why have you not gone back to Constantinople with your fellow-countrywomen?" I asked.

"Because I London like," she responded; "and not all do they go back. One of us is some long times ago married to an Engleeshman, a schoolmaster. She is lucky gel, and perhaps I am, too."

"You are going to marry an Englishman, too?"

"Ah! who shall tell? It may so yet be."

"Have you an English sweetheart, then, to take you out?"

"Ah, no! not for me. Then, my honour it would be finished. I do not go walking until the Engleeshman say he marry me, and I remain one gel, single and alone, until the Engleeshman come who says to me, 'Here is your luxury, here is your house, here is your servant who will your shoe unfasten off.'"

"And you will never go back to Turkey again?"

"Not as one gel. If I marry, ah! yes. But while one gel I am, never!"

"But how can you ever marry if you will not walk out with a likely admirer?"

"Never. My honour, then, it would be finished. There has gone one Sunday when came to me my—my—landlady. Yes, that it is. She

say to me, 'Miss Turkey'—not my name is that, but so me she calls—'Miss Turkey, below waits a young man to take you walking.' To him I go, and him I ask will he marry me? He does not know. He is confused. He will not tell me really. So I go not out walking. I am very ill, I tell him, and he goes. I go not walking out until come the Engleeshman who marries me."

"I am afraid you have not yet learned enough about English customs."

"Engleesh customs!"

Oh, yes! I am now English quite. I am photographed. When I arrive, I could not bear photographed to be. I thought it would be not modest to have all about the town my face. But they persuade. They show me Victoria the Queen photographed, and then I too am took. Oh, yes! My picture you can now buy at another stall—near it is to the big entrance—for I now have Engleesh customs. And will you buy more tea? No? And more coffee? No? Then, if you drink not tea and drink not coffee, you must a drinker of gin be. Ah! Naughty! bad! weekid!"



"MISS TURKEY."

Photo by Parascho, Olympia.



Mehmisch.

Picri.

Ismail.

CHAMPION WRESTLERS AT THE ALHAMBRA.

Photo by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

### NOTE.

The *Sketch* will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the "Illustrated London News" Offices, World Building, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, and Adelaide.



"THE ORIENT," AT OLYMPIA.



ENGLISH WHITE PAGES.



EASTERN BEAUTIES.



## JOURNALS AND JOURNALISTS OF TO-DAY.

## XLII.—"THE SHEFFIELD INDEPENDENT" AND ITS NEW CONDUCTORS.

The name of the *Sheffield Independent* is very closely interwoven with the history of Yorkshire newspapers. The Leaders, of Sheffield, who were practically its founders, like the Baineses, of Leeds, formed a sort of newspaper dynasty. That dynasty has just come to an end. After



Photo by F. Deales, Boston.

sixty-five years of control, the Leaders have sold the paper to Mr. Joseph Cooke, of Boston, and readers of *The Sketch* will be interested in some details respecting the past and future of a paper which has long been in the front rank of Northern dailies.

I found Mr. Cooke (writes our representative) in the commercial manager's room in the splendid building in Fargate, Sheffield, where the *Independent* has its home. Only three years old, of a style and proportions which equal the best newspaper offices in London, the *Independent* building compels the attention of the passer-by and arouses the admiration and envy of the journalist condemned to work in stuffy rooms.

In answer to my query, "When did you take possession?" Mr. Cooke said, "We were responsible for the paper on and after July 1."

"May I ask whether 'we' in that reply has more significance than the ordinary editorial pronoun?"

"It certainly has," said Mr. Cooke; "although I personally negotiated the purchase and have a controlling interest in the concern, I am not taking over such an extensive business single-handed. My right-hand helper is Mr. John Derry, who, until the end of June, was the editor of the *Nottingham Daily Express*. He will be the editor-in-chief of the daily *Independent*, and will also control the expression of opinion in the *Weekly*. The new assistant-editor is a writer of great experience and versatility. The new chief of our reporting staff is also an exceptionally good man. We believe we are greatly strengthening the literary and political side of the paper. From the point of view of business, it may be interesting to know that a number of the most successful business men in Sheffield have become substantial shareholders in the company which will own the paper and the business. Sir Frederick Thorpe Mappin, M.P., Mr. Batty Langley, M.P., and Mr. H. J. Wilson, M.P., are instances."

"But is there not a danger of divided counsels in company management?"

"The complete independence that is absolutely essential in carrying on any paper of real influence has been preserved by the conductors of the *Independent*. Of course, the paper will continue soundly Liberal. Indeed, we believe we shall come into closer touch with the Liberalism of the constituencies. We rely on a bold and obviously sincere Liberalism to extend our political influence."

I reminded Mr. Cooke that he, at any rate, should not need bespeaking an unprejudiced reception when it became known that his journalistic work had been recognised in Lincolnshire by his election as a County Alderman, a Town Councillor of Boston, and to a popular position as a School Board member.

"Mr. Derry, too," said Mr. Cooke, "has had personal experience of public work. When he lived in Lincolnshire, he was a member of the County Council. Nobody can know him without discovering the reality of his political convictions. In fact, he became a journalist through his absorption in politics. During the last four years, he has infused new life into the editorial columns of the *Nottingham Express*, which is one of the few newspapers that has made very substantial progress during the recent 'bad times.' I have known Mr. Derry's literary and journalistic work for ten years, and I fear I could hardly express my honest opinion about it without giving you an impression of partiality or exaggeration. I believe he will give the *Independent* the tone of thoroughness and the brightness and directness essential to success in modern journalism."

"You certainly have a populous district to which to appeal."

"Yes; there are at least two million people in the area that must be considered by us as local. The *Independent* has now a very large and influential middle-class circulation, and a firm hold upon the great mining and industrial districts round Sheffield. We want to gain in an equal degree the ear of the working classes of Sheffield itself."

"Will you follow the tendency to develop the literary side in newspapers?"

"The *Independent* has always devoted considerable attention to books, and that feature will be continued on readable lines. In fact, we mean to cover the whole range of public interest, to make the paper second to none in the completeness of its survey of all that men and women wish to read of, in its literary tone and political and moral power."

It is a large order, but evidently Mr. Cooke has unlimited faith. A chat with him about his previous enterprises certainly gives good warrant for his hopes. He has been connected with the Press since boyhood. He was born at Boston, and apprenticed on the *Boston Guardian*, which he bought after he had gained experience as a reporter on a daily paper. In recent years he has extended his newspaper enterprises until they have overflowed into the neighbouring counties, for he is part proprietor of the *Lynn News* on the one hand and the *Doncaster Gazette* on the other.

Mr. Derry is Leicestershire born, and began work as a teacher. Before he was twenty-one years old he had passed through the British and Foreign School Society's College, and was headmaster of a London



Photo by A. Cox and Co., Nottingham.

school. Afterwards he removed to Lincolnshire, where he was headmaster of the Board Schools in the ancient town of Bourne. There he became an ardent volunteer political worker. Eight years ago he gave himself up to journalism, with which for a dozen years previously he had had an outside connection. For the last four years he has very successfully edited the *Nottingham Liberal* morning paper.

A clever notion for protecting books from being soiled is the "Grosvenor Book Cover," which is capable of adjustment in a few seconds. It combines also a book-marker, and can be used for manuscripts as well as books. It has been invented by Mr. E. W. Hanscomb, 14, South Hill Park, N.W.



## A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

## DIAMOND AND RUBY HEART.

BY FRANK BANFIELD.

"There's been a wreck, pa," said Selina Truscott; and she rested on her oars, and the water fell dripping from them into the placid deep.

"My stars, Lina, you're right, and a big one, too!" And, like his daughter, Thomas Truscott, master-mariner retired, commonly known in Polcarres port as "Cappen" Truscott, rested from his labour of swaying a pollock-line backwards and forwards from his seat in the stern of the dinghy, and the whiffing gear, thus neglected, and the way on the boat gradually ceasing, the whiffing gear, I say, began to sink down into the depths. Cappen Truscott and Selina looked round them with astonished and, indeed, awe-struck gaze. And well they might. As the weather-beaten master-mariner admitted to himself, in subsequent and leisurely reflection, he had never had such a queer start in his life before. And that, for him, was saying a good deal, for Cappen Truscott had sailed on every sea. The ocean had been his home since the day when he left Polcarres, a boy, to go apprentice in a schooner belonging to the place, till, at "fifty-odd years of age," he came to settle down in his native town, and to live on the savings of his life as best he could.

A thick white sea-fog had shrouded the southern Cornish coast during the past night, and Polcarres Bay was not exempt from the visitation—a by no means uncommon one during the summer-time in those parts. It had not prevented the Cappen and his daughter from taking their morning cruise in search of pollock, however.

"We could feel our way about in Polcarres Bay in the dark," said he to Selina at starting; "we're not going to turn back for a bit of fog, and that with the tide just right."

The pollock begin to play most freely round the submerged ledges and rocks, with a rising tide, and when the sun is low, whether at morn or eventide. Like the birds of the tropic forest, they are shy, and seek out most secret haunts and recesses, when Apollo rides high in the heavens. In fact, the Cappen and Selina had been having good sport; the bottom of the dinghy was littered with the white, glistening bellies of dead and expiring fish, when their occupation had been brought to a full-stop by a weird and unwonted spectacle.

"Hold easy, Lina," said the Cappen, "while I get in the tackle, and we'll think what's best to be done. Keep 'em in sight, though; don't let 'em drift into the fog."

The gear was got in, and the Cappen and his daughter bent their eyes upon the circle of water, perhaps a hundred yards in diameter—the circle of water which was ringed round with opalescence. Floating low in the sea, with the wavelets gently laving them, were some score or more of human bodies. How many more were hidden by the mantle of mist could, of course, only be matter for vaguest conjecture. The harvest of the ocean here revealed was grim enough, in all conscience!

"Isn't it dreadful, pa?" said Selina. "And they all seem dead. This is worse than when Dicky Hicks and the rest were drowned coming over from the cricket-match at Bidmouth. What can it be, pa?" Curiosity was certainly stronger at this moment in Selina Truscott than pity. You see, surprise has often a very potent influence in bringing out root-characteristics, without reference to what may seem conventional and becoming. And scarcely anyone could say, off-hand, what his or her emotions for the moment would be, if the deep, which he or she was traversing for sport, pleasure, or business, suddenly grew alive with the bodies of the newly dead.

The Cappen lit his "cutty," which had gone out while he was hauling in the whiffing-line, and, taking two or three long puffs, as an accompaniment to grim but practical meditations, said—

"It's a passenger steamer, I expect. She's struck on the rocks out to south'ard in the fog last night. They all seem to have cork belts on, or they wouldn't be floating in here like this. What's to be done, eh? It seems a pity to let such an opportunity pass. There are no lives to be saved by this time, and what's to hinder us using our opportunity before the Customs men, and ship-agents, and everybody else in Polcarres, are as wise as ourselves?"

Selina Truscott was a very shrewd and intelligent girl, as well as a good-looking one. Her hair fell in glimmering tresses of yellow gold upon her shoulders, and, from a symmetrically oval face, two eyes of clear light blue looked understandingly into those of her father.

"It's too good to let slip, pa; and there's nobody here but our two selves."

"That's it, Lina. We should be fools. It would be unnatural. It isn't as if we were the Customs men, representing the Government, or the ship-agents, who get their pull out of the owners and the underwriters. We stand for ourselves, and must look after our own interests, as my father and his—now, I trust, in glory—would have done in the days that are gone before us." The Cappen's voice had quite a pious intonation here. He continued, "Besides, Lina, I'll bet some of 'em's got valuables about 'em; if they're Yankees, as is probable, diamonds. It would be a sin and a shame to run in the teeth of Providence, which throws these good things in our way. How should we have the face, ever after, my girl, to say, 'Give us this day our daily bread'?"

"Well, pa," said Selina the practical, "time's moving on. Hadn't we better be getting to work?"

"Yes, my love," said the old man; "pray to God, but keep your

powder dry,' as the sainted soldier said of old." And Selina and the Cappen set to work, and had a time, a real good time, among the corpses. The bodies were of both sexes, and, as the retired master-mariner surmised, had, in many cases, a good deal more on them than their ordinary garments and the cork life-belts. In the last despairing, desperate moments, when they committed themselves to the waves, these sea-voyagers, in defiance of the doom imminent over them, had put as much as they dared of portable treasure in leathern belt-wallets; in some cases they had, perforce, to make use of their pockets.

It was a divided labour. Cappen Truscott fished a body up to the dinghy with a boat-hook, and then, with a pair of powerful arms, got it over the bow, while the deft, womanly, lithe fingers of Selina did the other work.

"Hadn't you better put the pockets back, Lina?" asked her father. "They'll tell tales."

"They're so damp, pa. They're hard enough to get out. They'll take twice as long to put back, and we'd better be quick. Don't you hear oars?"

Cappen Truscott craned his ears, and Selina threw all her soul into her keen sense of listening. The result of this combined auricular effort was satisfactory.

"Fancy, that's all," said the retired skipper, with a sigh of relief. "I think you're right about the pockets, and who's to know they haven't emptied them themselves, so as to be rid of all dead-weight?" And he shoved into the capacious pocket of his pea-jacket a handful of gold twenty-dollar pieces, which went to join jewels of the mine and what not.

"We're in luck's way this morning," murmured the Cappen, now hauling up to the boat the inanimate body of what seemed a young and lovely woman. He raised it over the gunwale almost tenderly. There was a strain of sentiment, where the fair sex was concerned, dead or alive, in Thomas Truscott's nature.

"Poor girl!" he exclaimed, as he brought it within Selina's reach.

"I wonder if she was married or had a lover," remarked Miss Truscott. "Oh, pa! what a lovely ring! and I can't get it off. The finger must have swelled."

"It's a beauty," said Cappen Truscott, "and worth a good bit, I should say. Ruby heart and diamond on top. Try again, Lina."

"I can't, pa. It's no use."

"Give a hand here, and hold her up, there's a good girl. Let me have a try."

The Cappen and his daughter, with some difficulty, and with danger to the equilibrium of the dinghy, changed places.

"Bless your heart, Lina," said the Cappen at last, after a minute's sturdy tugging at the poor dead finger. "I can't get it off either, and it's too good to go to the fishes. It would be wilful waste, and that breeds woeful want. What's to be done, my girl?"

Selina was puzzled for a moment. Then she said, "Couldn't you prize it off with your knife, pa?"

The Cappen fumbled in his trousers' pocket, and produced therefrom a substantial clasp-knife—no mere finicking trifle such as a City clerk carries in his waistcoat-pocket for the sharpening of lead-pencils and other effeminate uses, but a solid implement, good for the decapitation of a ling or a conger, or for hacking through a stout piece of rope. It served generally to cut up his smuggled cakes of cavendish tobacco, or his bread-and-cheese, if out on a long boating excursion. Now it was turned to the purposes of a lever, but in vain.

"I'm afraid you'll have to cut it, pa," said Lina. "I must look away."

"There's no help for it," sighed Cappen Truscott. "'What can't be cured must be endured,' as the saying is; and there's no use in carrying a tender heart too far, and being squeamish; so here goes."

The difficulty was got over. The body was returned to the waves, and presently a finger—a slim, dainty, girlish finger, with tapering nail at the end—followed suit.

The Cappen and Selina sat down, each on a thwart, after this episode, which depressed a little their good spirits.

"We've done very well, pa, haven't we?" asked the daughter. "Give me that ring, dear. What a beauty! Let me keep it."

Her blue eyes feasted on the ornament, which, indeed, was calculated to inspire admiration in a maid more accustomed to the sight of jewellery of price than was Selina.

"Keep it, my dear, only put it out of sight. Yes, we'll be moving. We've had a good time, and 'enough's as good as a feast,' as the saying is. We'll get home as quickly as we can, with the fish and the other things. I'll take an oar, and we'll have a pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together. The sooner we're home now the better."

And the hale old man and his golden-haired, blue-eyed daughter made the salt water to foam and fret round the bow of the dinghy as it crushed through the wavelets. They rowed with such a will that less than twenty minutes' vigorous pulling made the young, lithe arms of Selina to ache. She insisted on an "easy."

"Do you think, pa," said she thoughtfully, as she rested on her oar, and tossed her hair back on her shoulders with the hand that was at liberty, "do you think any of them could have been alive?"

"Nonsense, Lina!" said her father irritably; "not likely. Did they look like it? And, if there was any remnants of life in any of them, which I don't believe, where was the stomach-pump and the other arrangements to come from?"



"That's so, pa," said Selina; "I didn't think of that."

A little later, the bow of the dinghy went "scrunching" upon the beach of Polcarres, and, with the aid of a fisherman and his boy, who happened to be within hail, Selina and the Cappen drew the dinghy up out of harm's way from the slowly rising tide.

"Ad a good mornin's work, Cappen Truscott?" said the man respectfully. "They bite pretty free this kind o' weather; but it'll be bad for ships in the Channel, I'm thinkin'."

The Cappen grunted an "Ay, ay, Billy," for he and Selina were busy stringing their pollock, like so many long beads, on cord passed from gill to mouth; and then, with a "Good morning; thankee, Billy," they passed on up the beach to their cottage. Arrived there, Selina dressed a couple of pollock and fried them, and soon she and her father were enjoying the freshly caught fish at a second breakfast, seasoned by those best of sauces, a hearty appetite and a quiet conscience.

Lest the ways of the Cappen and Selina may appear strange, or cold and callous, to dwellers in parts far distant from Polcarres, a word or two of explanation may not come amiss. As to the pollocking, that was to eke out a very scanty income from invested savings. The fish, when fresh, served for breakfast and dinner and supper. Dried in the sun, they went to recruit the store for autumn and winter's necessities. Every penny had to be carefully considered in the home of the Truscotts, Pentreath Cottage. For this reason Selina was of the greatest skill in cleaning and re-trimming of hats—and, indeed, other garments—and so was not a little jealous of the wealthier Polcarres girls, who were not forced by circumstances to such various shifts of ingenuity in order to look smart. Riches were, in the eyes of Selina, altogether desirable, and to possess them, she told herself in her day-dreams, lying languidly on couch of fern or heath or sea-pink—which abounded and flourished about the bold bluffs and cairns of the bay—she would go to very considerable lengths—within fairly prudential bounds.

And that other harvest of the sea? Well, the folk about Polcarres and all along the bay had always regarded what the sea gave up as legitimate prey. If there is anything in atavism, any other attitude of mind on their part would be much to be wondered at. I should never dream of bringing against them and their forbears a railing accusation of wrecking. They have been charged with proclivities for that great wickedness in the bad old times, but I don't believe in the truth of the indictment for a moment. It is the wont of humanity to exaggerate the notorious weaknesses of its brethren. It idealises its saints and blackens its sinners, so that the pictures are quite unrecognisable by those who have been privileged with intimate knowledge of the originals. People with meagre incomes are rarely averse to pickings which will help to eke those meagre incomes out. And good pickings were to be got sometimes from the waters of the great deep. Nowadays, however, the coastguards were always on the look-out, and the ship-agents supplemented Governmental activities by watching sharply after the interests of the unfortunate owners or underwriters; so that it was not always that a man at Polcarres was able to make a little haul quietly for himself from the ocean's victims. Of course, odd chances occurred, but not as in the good old times; and, if any man was blessed thus, he took care to keep his happy fortune to himself. There was much tough secretiveness in the character of nautical Polcarres, and a certain hardness, which prevented the flow of conscience-money in large quantities from the port into the Imperial Exchequer. So it was with Cappen Truscott, who was neither much better nor worse than his neighbours, and in his principles Lina had been brought up.

The following day, Polcarres was famous all the world over. Every daily paper in the two hemispheres told the story, more or less imperfectly, of the loss of the German Transatlantic liner, the Werther; how three hundred-odd souls had passed from life to death in an hour of almost dead calm, on the Gurnet Reef, away south of Polcarres, and how the dead bodies were being washed ashore by the tide upon rock-shelf and sandy beach. Newspaper-men came down from London and elsewhere to describe the sad and melancholy incidents of this famous wreck, and, for more than a week, all the local celebrities of the place—anyone who was anybody in Polcarres—grew to feel of a quite imperial importance. Cappen Truscott and Selina figured in more than one newspaper report, circulated throughout the length and breadth of the land, as among the local notables who paid respect to the dead by decorous attendance at the frequent interments of the Werther's passengers and crew. The port was surrounded for a while with a halo of death and celebrity. It was tragic; the circumstances, on the whole, were not such as to call for smiles and laughter—indeed, they caused those particular manifestations of emotion to be looked upon, for the time, as out of place, in bad taste, and cold-hearted. Still, in a quiet, sad sort of way, Polcarres may be said to have enjoyed the situation. There was some unpleasant comment in the Press, it is true, on the number of bodies which came on shore with the pockets turned inside out—the Cappen and Selina were not the only whiffers in Polcarres Bay the morning after the wreck—and on the fact that odd diamonds had been picked up in the lanes; and the Cornish port was not a South African Kimberley, where accidents of that kind might cause no surprise. Still, Polcarres took the rough with the smooth, good-naturedly, smiled to itself at these aspersions on its fair fame, and wondered who were the inhabitants to arrive betimes in luck's way. No inkling of Cappen Truscott's profitable morning's work got wind, though that sturdy old salt patronised, soon after, a Plymouth tailor liberally, and Selina made the mouths of her rivals to water by the neat and pretty and up-to-date gowns and hats she was, for a season, permitted to indulge herself in. Those mouths would have watered still more freely if their fair owners had been able to peep over Selina's shoulder, when, in the privacy of her

room, she revelled in the contemplation of her jewellery. But the date of the Werther disaster was yet too near for any ostentatious indulgence in the pride of possession.

Time passed, and the public interest of the great world in the nautical disaster of the Gurnet Reef died away. It had ceased to be a nine days' wonder, and had become a commonplace accepted fact in maritime history. The visits of London and provincial Press-men to Polcarres were at an end. Now and then, stray relatives of the lost came from long distances to see the scene of the death-struggles of those whom they had loved. Among these was Otto Heidermann, an Americanised Teuton of New York. He lingered long at Polcarres, and, from a description of the dead taken at the date of finding, was enabled to have the coffin containing the remains of his wife buried in a fresh spot in the Polcarres graveyard. Over it he had raised a costly and beautiful memorial in polished granite. It was while superintending the erection of this work of love that he made the acquaintance of Cappen Truscott.

The churchyard of Polcarres lies close by the sea—so close, indeed, that its integrity has to be guarded from the attacks of stormy high-tides by a massive protecting wall and buttress of huge hewn boulders. And then, from a level bottom of grass, amid which stands an ancient church dating from Norman times, this sea-beaten cemetery rises terrace-wise against a steep hill. It was a resort of many a native, who could meditate upon mortality among the tombs while smoking the contemplative pipe, and be in a position to note everything that went on in the bay. All dead Polcarres was here, and the tombstones were a constant reminder of acquaintance and connections passed out of sight—a sort of permanent visiting-cards in stone, which suggested that the "majority," as some describe defunct humanity, was within touch and calling-distance, after all. As a philosopher, a local patriot, and an industrious observer of the shoreward ocean, Cappen Truscott patronised the cemetery pretty often, and so he came to know Otto Heidermann. And, as the Cappen put it, the German was a fine figure of a man. Tall, shapely, with the erect form and well-squared shoulders given by military training, Otto Heidermann compared to no disadvantage with the manhood of Polcarres. And his blue eyes, his blonde moustache, and open, manly face, were calculated to win him the suffrages of women, none the less for the air of *distracted* melancholy he now wore.

"That's a fine monument you're erecting," said the Cappen, disregarding the absence of formal introduction.

"And she to whom it is being raised, my friend, was more than worthy of it," said Otto.

"I can feel for you," said the Cappen, with softened voice. "I've lost my own wife. She's lying down yonder, under the near window of the church, and a saving, thrifty, good woman she was, too; carried off with bronchitis."

"Ah, my friend! and you have come to visit her tomb—a homage to the affection of the past, to the memory of her whom you love."

"That's right; and the view of the bay is good here, too. Perhaps you'd like to have a look at my bit of ground?"

The Cappen saw a chance of developing an acquaintance over a deprivation which was common to them both. Then there were Selina's chances to be always borne in mind, and, after all, the companionship of travelled men was not too common in the port. Heidermann accepted the offer, and the two men descended towards the church.

The German waved his hand away southward, towards the Gurnet Reef.

"She is gone," he said sadly, "and I shall never see her again."

"A freethinker," thought the Cappen to himself. "Anyhow, a man of means, I take it, and that's the main thing." "That's my wife's tombstone," said he aloud; "not so stylish as yours, but we've got to cut the garment according to the cloth."

"Quite so, my friend. The recollection and the love are doubtless the same. And a verse of a poem, too," and Otto read slowly the inscription—

Weep not for me, my husband dear,  
I am not dead, but sleeping here;  
As I am now in heaven, prepare  
To meet your wife, who loves you dear.

"Pathetic and touching. Your wife, Sir, was religious."

"Yes," said the Cappen, "and a class member. I can't say I'm partial to poetry on tombstones myself, but she pressed me about it when she was dying, and I couldn't refuse her. Selina doesn't like it at all; she calls it common and vulgar. Ah! here she is, come to look after me."

Close beside the Cappen stood his daughter, fresh and fair to see, and wearing her smartest gown. Self-possessed she was, too, as she swiftly took stock of the stranger's points.

"Your daughter, Sir?" said Otto Heidermann, raising his hat.

"My daughter Selina," said the Cappen; "but I don't know your name, Sir."

"Otto Heidermann," said the other.

In this way the German and the Truscotts became acquainted. He was given the *entrée* at Pentreath Cottage unreservedly. Many an afternoon saw him walking on the cliffs which breasted the southern side of the bay, conversing with Selina; and in the pleasant gloaming he would sit and smoke with the Cappen on the bench in front of the cottage, which commanded a view of the sea, discuss ships and men, and strange foreign places, and commerce, and, in a general way, propound questions of psychology, philosophy, morals, and theology; and Selina, sitting by, with those shrewd blue eyes of hers bent on knitting, needlework, or





MISS CLARA WIELAND.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HANA, STRAND.



crochet, was an attentive and intelligent listener. Every now and then she would put in a sharp, pertinent observation, causing the wrinkled, weather-beaten face of her father to mantle with gratified pride, and the German to gaze on her in meditative admiration. Selina had made good use of all the opportunities for reading Polcarres presented, and, withal, had an inborn tendency to look beneath social and other conventions, and discover for herself, if possible, what they stood on. Such a philosophic habit in a comely maiden has its piquancy, though not without its suggestive resemblance to the restless urchin who bores a hole in his indiarubber ball to see what is inside, and so reduces what is pleasant and convenient for boyhood to a misshapen raggedness. And though Selina, from her analytical musings, acquired a sense of superiority to her fellows, they accentuated a tone of mental and moral hardness which was already hers from atavistic inheritance and upbringing. Otto Heidermann was not conscious of this characteristic. She was enveloped, for him, in a halo of foreignness. She was the blue-eyed, golden-haired Cornish maiden, only daughter of a gallant old British mariner. If she addressed the Cappen as "pa" at almost every sentence, it was not as disillusionising as it might be to an English exquisite. So might we feel, if thrown into frequent relation suddenly with some fair German maiden in a quiet town of the Eiffel or of the Thüringerwald. And, just now, all womanhood was sacred for the love of which an end had been made by the cruel waters out there by the Gurnet Reef. Otto accepted all Selina's demonstrations of sympathy gratefully and without questioning, and showed her a chivalrous courtesy which she, perhaps, imperfectly appreciated.

"He'll get over his loss in time," said the Cappen one evening, after Otto had gone. "He must have had a wonderful fondness for her, which is a good feature in his character. But when they take on like that, nine times out of ten they marry again pretty quick. I'm thinking, Lina, he's got his eye on you. And it would be a right good match. He tells me that he employs a matter of five hundred men in his New York place of business. Anyhow, he'll be a catch for somebody presently."

"He's said nothing that way yet, pa," returned Selina. "I suppose I should say 'Yes' if he asked me; but he's much too sentimental for a man. A little of it's very well, but high-flown notions would weary anybody, if they had too much of them. It's a dreadful thing, I'm sure, to have to be tied to one man all your life, and no way of getting out of it without being talked about. And then, for all that, to have to jump at the first good chance and 'buy a pig in a poke,' as they say, it's very hard on woman, pa."

"And it's hard on man, too, sometimes, Lina. But I've got your future to think of, when I'm dead and gone; and there's no knowing when the last trump shall sound. Married life isn't perfection more than single. We must wait for that till we go up aloft. Till then you must try and get as comfortable a partner as you can, and stick to him. That's law and gospel, and the custom of all people calling themselves respectable, as long as ever I can remember. And I shouldn't mind having a look at New York again, especially if I had the run of a smart son-in-law's house out there."

"Better not count your chickens before they're hatched, pa."

"No, I won't do that, Lina. I only shouldn't wish you to lose a good opportunity for want of seeing and taking note of it."

"As if, pa, I was likely to!" said Selina, with a little toss of the head, which set all the golden hair in motion.

The next time Otto called, Selina was more than usually attentive, and the Cappen beamed benignantly at her through wreaths of tobacco-smoke, pleased to see that this filial daughter of Eve had taken his remarks to heart. Selina sang, though singing was scarcely her *forte*, the sea-air of Polcarres not being propitious to tunefulness of voice. Still, she put what purity of sentiment she could into her warblings about "the Blue Alsatian Mountains," "Kathleen Mavourneen," and so on. Particularly piercing and pathetic was her rendering of the line, "And thou wilt forget her, thy own Gipsy maid."

"That should warm the cockles of his heart," thought the Cappen to himself. "Perhaps the ten pounds I laid out on that piano at Jenkins's sale wasn't money thrown away, after all. There's more of the genuine sort of fire in his eyes than I've seen since he's been down here. If I give him a stiff drop of whisky, and let Lina have him a bit out at the back in the moonlight, he'll drop some of his shyness."

At the back, in the moonlight, Otto, despite the whisky and the encouragement of the chaste huntress of the heavens, made no formal declaration of his passion. But, just before they returned to the cottage, he took occasion to say, "I'm going away, Miss Selina, but I shall come back soon. You and your venerable father have obtained a place in my heart. I shall feel pain at parting from you both, even for a little time. But you will permit me to write to you while I am absent in Germany to see my family connections?"

"Oh, yes, Mr. Heidermann! pa and I'll be very glad to get a letter from you."

"And you will reply?"

"Yes," said Selina.

That evening Otto showed Selina and her father a photograph of his dead wife—an action of great significance on his part, as he did not care that any but those whom he held in esteem and affectionate confidence should gaze on that dear face, which was for him of such sacred remembrance. And he parted from them with a quite loving warmth.

"Dear, good, simple-minded Cornish father and daughter!" he murmured to himself, as he strode to his lodgings; "I shall see you again. Excellent old Captain! Sweet child of the sea-waves of haughty Albion!"

"Pa," said Selina, as she took up her bedroom candlestick, "that woman's face seemed familiar to me."

"I half thought I'd seen it before. Fancy, probably. Sweet sleep and quiet dreams, Lina. I believe he'll come up to the scratch."

"So do I, pa. Good-night."

And Otto did come up to the scratch. After a couple of months' holiday in his Saxon home, he hurried to the romantic neighbourhood, which had for him so much of sorrowful suggestion and whisperings of new hope. His last letter to Selina left small doubt as to the intention of this fresh pilgrimage to Polcarres Bay. The Cappen was jubilant, and Selina discreetly proud and expectant.

"He'll take a young wife with him back to New York," said the Cappen, "and I don't blame him."

So Selina dressed her very best the night of Otto's arrival, and, for the first time in her life, put on the most beloved of her jewels, the ring with the diamond and ruby heart. Some queer instinct, however, made her turn the precious stones inwards, towards the palm of her hand, and expose only the golden hoop to view. After tea in the garden, under the solitary apple-tree, Otto proposed to Selina, and was accepted. He kissed his new-won betrothed with Teutonic tenderness and passion, and the Cappen, who had been keeping what he called his weather-eye open all the while, knew that things had gone all right for the family—that is to say, for him and Selina.

So he sat and smoked in the parlour later on, while Otto held Selina's hand openly and at ease on the parlour couch. Thus it came to pass that, toying with the slim, lithe fingers, the German turned the Werther ring so as to bring its loveliness into full play. When he saw the diamond resting on the ruby heart, he trembled all over, and turned pale.

"You're not ill, Otto?" asked Lina.

"Permit me that I look at this ring?" said he.

"Certainly," replied his betrothed, slipping it from her finger.

Otto examined the ring with the most minute care. His quick breathing showed that he was the victim of the most profound agitation.

"Where have you procured this?" he asked.

The Cappen came to Selina's rescue. Despite her hardness of temperament, Otto's emotion upset her a little.

"That's an heirloom in our family," said the Cappen; "it's not easy for me to say how it first came in." And that was true.

"It is my wife's ring," said Otto. "Here on the inside are engraved 'Otto' and 'Hedwig.' But I will be sure." He pressed a secret spring, and the diamond and ruby heart rose in a setting on a minute hinge. Below was a small cavity, which held a tiny pilule.

"My Hedwig!" exclaimed Otto Heidermann. "Then you could not save yourself from the horrors of drowning! And you," he said, turning to the father and daughter, "you robbed the dead, and you lied! You are false! What shall I do?" He appeared to hesitate a moment, then he bent forward and sucked the pilule up out of the ring's cavity, and, with a loud cry of "Hedwig! my own ever sweet Hedwig!" he fell dead on the parlour floor of Pentreath Cottage.

This was a tragic circumstance, and put the Truscotts to no small worry and annoyance before the whole tale of it was done. Selina, too, had lost a husband, *in prospectu* at any rate; but she still stuck to the ring.

"As he was so excitable," said the Cappen, "doubtless Providence has arranged it all for the best; and there's as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it." And this was true also. Selina's fish was Henry Hinks, the prosperous young grocer of the High Street, Polcarres.

#### TO A. L.

*Being a Rubric writ on a copy of Butcher and Lang's Odyssey.*

Delightful translator of Homer—

Who banished the barbarous Bohn;

To every young classical roamer

You came as a bird that has flown

From its home in some happier zone,

Enchanting the world as it sang;

And therefore it is I am prone

To pen a ballade to my Lang.

I would not invent a misnomer,

And yet you stand almost alone,

Eclipsing old Pope, the wild foamer,

And stilling his "clarion tone,"

(The phrase, as you know, is your own).

And now I am tempted to twang

A measure of praise at your throne,

And pen a ballade to my Lang.

To youths from St. Andrews to Cromer,

To every poor classical drone

Who wandered through many a tome ere

He sighted the country unknown

Of Homer: 'tis you who have shown

How Troy with its warriors rang;

And the winged words seem to have flown

To the pages of Butcher and Lang.

#### ENVOY.

Pray, Prince of Translators, condone

The faults of this Homer-harangue;

I find it so hard to postpone

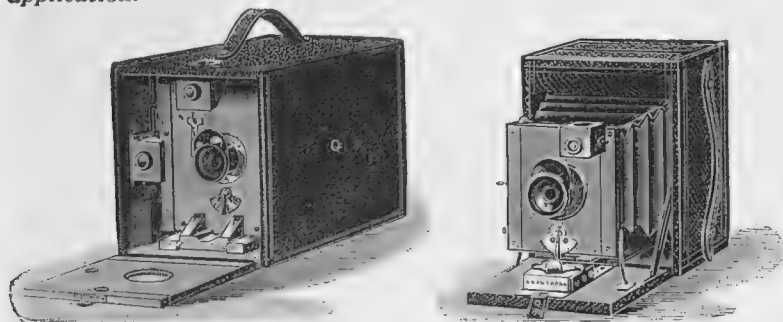
This bit of ballade to my Lang.



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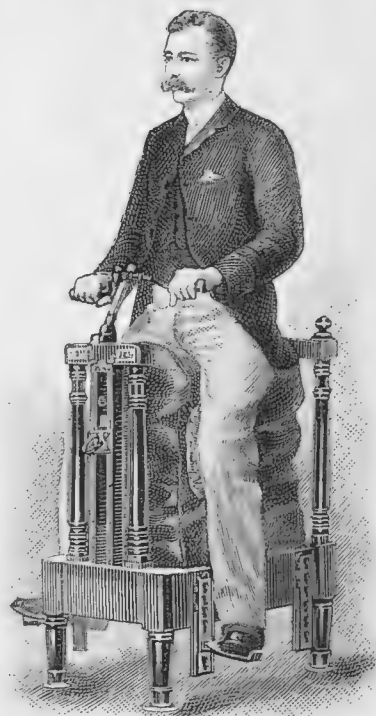
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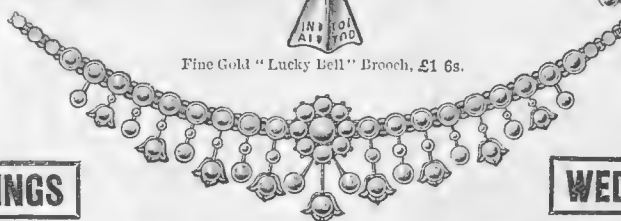


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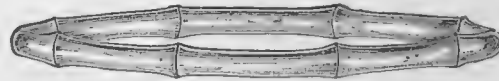
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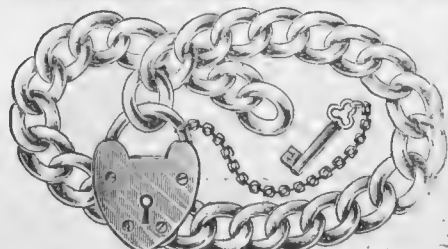


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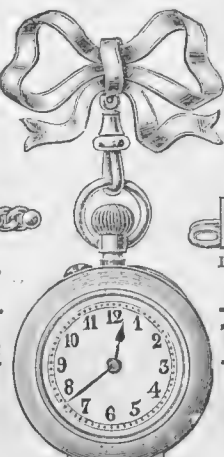


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## HORS D'ŒUVRES.

## "OUR SLAVEYS."

It is some time since a General Election came on with so little general excitement as the present. This is partly due to the retirement of Mr. Gladstone from active politics. Where he was, there was passion, enthusiasm, or hatred. There are many safer politicians in the ranks of both sides, but no one who has anything like that astonishing power of stirring great masses. Wherefore, it is probable that there will be some likelihood of an unbiassed verdict on a few questions.

And, failing the orator who could excite not only himself, but his hearers, over really trivial matters, and give a charm to the Budget and a freshness to the stalest party platitudes, our politicians do not seem to be exciting themselves. It is no use promising mountains and miracles; the memory of the last crop of promises is yet fresh, and we know how much fruit resulted from all that blossom. Instead of holding out an ideal transformation of England into Utopia, our Radicals are going back to the time-honoured methods of political jobbery. A baronetcy has been paid, in an indecent hurry, for the last bye-election success; and the party funds, but lately depleted, have suddenly swollen, just after two wealthy but otherwise undistinguished manufacturers have been raised to the peerage. The coincidence is worthy of note.

But the party of purity must be as other parties—nay, its concessions to human frailty are more obvious, because more awkward. Indeed, it seems inconsistent to buy a seat with a title, or barter a peerage for the means to contest the constituencies, and, at the same time, charge opponents with debauching the free and independent elector with beer. One candidate promises a constituency plots of ground, pensions, and plunder all round, knowing the while that such things will not come, and himself being by no means zealous to secure the ideals he pictures: the other gives to all who wish certain half-pints of happiness. Both are corrupters of the public, only that the latter really gives them something; while the former promises that which is neither theirs nor his, and which he does not expect them ever to get.

But inconsistency is the law of politics. That which is necessary discussion to the minority is sheer obstruction to the majority; while certainty of success before the election is paraded by both parties, the losers always discover just afterwards that, owing to nefarious practices by unnamed persons, the loss was inevitable. These intrigues always remain unsuspected up to the eve of the polling, and are discovered with a speed worthy of Sherlock at his Holmest, in the two or three hours between the announcement of the poll and the writing of the leading article concerning the result.

The wonder is, that all this conscious humbug is resorted to by the great bulk of party men. If they can prove corrupt practices, or even imprudent actions, on the part of a candidate, it is obviously worth while to unseat him. If not, then there is no use in covering a general feeling of bad temper with vague and wild charges. Yet many provincial and some London journals still follow the traditions of Eatanswill in this and other matters. Now and then some commonplace of political jabber becomes too hackneyed to be further used; yet catchwords die hard, and one is hardly secure, even now, from having a recent election described as a "moral victory" for the beaten side. If that side had won, I suppose their gain would have been an "immoral victory."

But even Socialists do not escape from the insincerity that seems to beset politics. I have recently read a good deal of their literature, and though the authors preached a state of society in which all labour should be conscientious and thorough, when no longer done for capitalists, few of the preachers had practised so far as to avoid obvious errors and misprints. As for accurate quotation and adequate translation, they were sadly to seek. It is odd that those who relied on the enthusiasm of humanity to end all scamped, vamped, and slovenly work, had not, in their hurry, taken the very small trouble to revise their proofs. I have never yet seen a Socialistic production that had an attractive look about it—except Mr. William Morris's, and he keeps his best manner for his romantic tales. The other pamphlets and books I have read were a pain to handle: necessarily cheap and unnecessarily nasty.

Never mind; in time, all our Socialist friends will tell us, the People will be its own author and printer and publisher and critic and readers—and then, whatever works it issues, the People most certainly will not stand any more Socialistic writings.

MARMITON.

The mystic letters M.A.B.Y.S. do not mean Member of the Association for Breaking Your Services, though the irate mistress whose best dinner- or tea-set has just been smashed by a raw domestic recruit might say it ought to. The initials are those of a society doing excellent work, and capable of doing more, did funds permit—The Metropolitan Association for Befriending Young Servants. The Association is lodged on the third floor of 18, Buckingham Street, Strand, a quaint old house, with panelled walls, worn stairs with broad balustrades, and, on each landing, a long window with a deep ledge, inviting to intervals of rest during one's climb. At the top (says a *Sketch* representative), I found myself face to face with an announcement that there was the Association sought for, and that its office hours were from 9.30 to 2.30 daily. It was after 2.30, but, nothing daunted, I knocked, and the energetic Secretary, Miss Poole, was kind enough to receive and give me all information.

We sat in a simple back-room with open windows, through which played a cooling breeze from the river. The severely utilitarian furniture, and the painted tin boxes piled one on top of the other, had a business-like aspect.

"We came of age on July 4," said Miss Poole, "and held, in honour of the event, a great gathering at the Albert Hall, when Princess Christian distributed medals for good conduct to such of our girls as their mistresses certified were worthy of them. The band of the Strand Union and the Central London District Schools played, Madame Antoinette Sterling kindly consented to sing, and Dr. W. J. Reynolds, Organist of St Michael's, Cornwall, gave an organ recital. We had a large attendance of ladies and gentlemen interested in our work."

"Who founded the Association, Miss Poole, and what are its aims?"

"It was founded in 1874 by the exertions of Mrs. Nassau Senior, who was Poor Law Inspector under the Local Government Board. She felt the need of it in her dealings with friendless girls reared in the workhouse schools, and talked the matter over with ladies interested in Poor Law administration. Among them was Miss Margaret Elliot, daughter of the Dean of Bristol. She, I am glad to say, is still living. The aim of the Association is to befriend young girls between the ages of thirteen and twenty, who have been placed in domestic service. These girls are visited in their situations by ladies, who volunteer for this good work. They are provided with safe lodgings when out of place, are trained and taught their duties, cared for in sickness, and provided with clothing where necessary."

"How many girls are now connected with the Association?"

"Between eight and nine thousand."

"But surely they are not all from Poor Law schools?"

"By no means; nor have they been almost from the very beginning. There is a prejudice in the public mind against girls who have been under the care of the Poor Law, and, to combat this, Mrs. Senior took others from their own homes and from local centres, so that no one should know, in an individual case, where the girl had been reared."

"Do they turn out well?"

"When I tell you that on Thursday no fewer than 1500 girls were awarded medals for faithful service, I think you will admit we have every reason to be satisfied with our success. You must remember that we did not give these medals lightly. They were not allowed to every girl, but only to those who could show one year's service, with good character, signed by her mistress."

"Some of the girls," went on Miss Poole, "can show five, six, and seven years of satisfactory service. One received a medal for sixteen years' continued faithful service in one place."

"That is extremely satisfactory in these 'short service' days, when a girl usually tires of a place in three months."

"Is it not? We find our girls, as a body, wonderfully sober and honest. A very small percentage of them go astray—in fact, only '9 per cent.'"

"Do you find the mistresses object to the lady visitors?"

"Not at all. They generally recognise that the visitor is the best friend both of mistress and maid. The mistresses, as a class, work cordially with us, and second our efforts in every way."

"You spoke, just now, of training the girls. Have you homes for the purpose?"

"Yes, at Grosvenor House, Chiswick, and at Bexhill-on-Sea. This is such useful work, and has so good an effect on the future of the girls, that I wish we could do more of it; but it is very costly, so we can only afford to train a certain proportion of those under our care."

"Training is so much in the interest not only of the girls, but of their employers, that I hope some rich people may come forward to help you."

"I wish they would," said Miss Poole; "we need it."

"I think, Miss Poole," I concluded, "that you are doing an extremely good work, and wish it every success." With that I took my leave.

The tourist in Scotland is well provided for. The London and North-Western Railway Company's dining-car service to the North, leaving Euston at 2 p.m., is an excellent service, and besides it there are seven other trains daily to Edinburgh and five as far as Aberdeen. The Midland Company, whose route runs through the best part of the Burns country, run seven trains daily to Scotland, with two dining-trains leaving St. Pancras at 10.30 a.m. and 2.10 p.m. respectively.



## RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

Glorious Goodwood this year will be anything but glorious, for the simple reason that there will be no house-party, owing to the serious illness of the Duke of Richmond's daughter. A great feature of the Ducal Meeting of late years has been the house-party, and it will be much missed. Goodwood House is not by any means an imposing structure. It is not roomy, but is laid out on the principles of comfort and utility. The Prince of Wales always occupies the Tower suite, to the right of the main entrance. His Royal Highness, when visiting the Duke, very



GOODWOOD HOUSE.

gracefully comes out on to the porch at the grand entrance, on his return from the races, so that the crowd may get a glimpse of him. Nearly all the members of the Duke of Richmond's family are fond of riding on horseback, and it is no unusual thing to see a dozen saddled hacks waiting at the door, for the ladies and gentlemen to have a canter before dinner. The Duke of Richmond lives the life of a model country gentleman. He takes the greatest interest in the welfare of his tenants and neighbours generally, and he is highly respected throughout the whole county of Sussex. Lord March, the heir to the dukedom, has, until recently, hunted the Goodwood Hounds, but these have been disbanded, owing, in the main, I should say, to the agricultural depression. Lord March, as I have mentioned before, is, by virtue of his birth, a permanent Steward of the Goodwood Meeting, and it must be admitted that he brings a deal of intelligence to bear on the management of the fixture. Lord March and his son, Lord Settrington, occupy country seats in the near vicinity of Goodwood House, and it can truthfully be said that they are a united family.

The race stands at Goodwood are fairly well arranged, but it must be admitted that the county enclosure is a cramped affair, and, unfortunately, ladies are not allowed to enter this ring, which is, by-the-bye, situated right at the winning-post. The late Duchess of Montrose often stood in the passage under the number-board, simply that she might see the actual finish of the races. Tattersall's ring is a cramped affair at Goodwood, and the paddock is not a fifth the size of the Sandown Park one. The Grand Stand, however, is a noble structure of substantial build; the best view of the racing and of the surrounding country is to be obtained from the top of the stand, and, on a clear day, it is possible to see into Portsmouth. The Goodwood House portion of the stand is, strange to say, on the furthest end from the winning-post, so that the royal party cannot tell the actual winners until the numbers have gone up. The lawn at Goodwood is an unpretentious affair, though it serves its purpose well. Unfortunately, too many of the garden-seats in this holy of holies are labelled, "For the use of visitors to Goodwood House only." Now, the visitors get on to the course free, but the general public pay, and I think the convenience of the general public should be better studied. However, this is only a detail. It must be added that the general arrangements of the Goodwood meeting are good, and they reflect the highest credit on the worthy Clerk of the Course, Mr. Walter Forbes, who manages the estate.

The chief event of the Goodwood Meeting is the Stewards' Cup, which provides a large field. Tips for this race are as plentiful as blackberries, but I am told that Missal will go very close. It is quite possible that Reminder will win the Goodwood Cup, and

Persimmon ought to win the Richmond Stakes; that is, if the Prince of Wales decides to let him run. The Goodwood programme could easily be strengthened by adding one more big Handicap for each of the four days of the meeting. Racing men are tired of meaningless Biennials, Triennials, Scurries, and Sweepstakes, and the day has gone by for matches. The popular items of our racing programmes are Handicaps, and I am surprised that the managers of Ascot and Goodwood do not try and cater more for the public fancy.

Many regular sportsmen say the best way to do the Sussex fortnight is from Brighton. To those of us who have to work in town in the morning, this is impossible; but, thanks to the capital service of trains laid on by the London and Brighton Company, we are enabled to go up and down quickly and in comfort. I think, though, the company might attach a dining-car to the up-trains at night, as many would be glad to get their meal *en route*, so as to save time.

As all the racing world knows, water is very scarce at Goodwood; but I do think a reservoir might be built to store sufficient water in, that the poor horses, dragging up the hill, might be given a free drink at the end of their journey. Even the R.S.P.C.A. cannot compel Gipsy owners to give sixpence a bucket for water for their horses, but the remedy is to hand. Let the members of this useful society suggest that some of the wealthy

ladies and gentlemen who go racing subscribe towards the objects before-mentioned. I would gladly give a trifle to the fund.

The telegraph arrangements at Goodwood are perfect, and a pillar-box in the paddock is cleared at five o'clock each evening of the meeting. A great deal of the heavy telegraphing for the newspapers is done at Chichester, and the leading members of Mr. Mason's corps of operators put in some heavy work after six o'clock each night, but the appliances are such that the messages are despatched with promptitude. The number of messages sent from Goodwood is not so large as that from Ascot, for the simple reason that many people away from the course have tired of racing before the month of August has arrived.

It is not generally known, but it is a fact, that Claremont House and Park, and what is now Sandown Park Racecourse, and the whole of the Manor of Esher, were won at the gambling-table, in one night, from the proprietor by Sir John Lade, who, soon after (Saturday, June 9, 1787), put them up for sale. Claremont House fetched 18,900 guineas. All the dependencies, including the Manor of Esher, were put up in four lots; and the first lot, consisting of the House and garden, were bought by a Mr. Dawes, M.P., for 10,000 guineas.

The other three lots were bought in by Sir John Lade, who was one of a set of the greatest gamblers of that period, and they used to gamble very heavily in those days. It was no uncommon thing then for a gentleman to sit down to the hazard-table a rich man, but to rise from it absolutely ruined; and it was not only the gentlemen who gambled, but many well-known ladies of high rank and station, who so compromised their husbands by their heavy losses, that raids were made on several well-known houses where it was suspected gambling at hazard, &c., was carried on; and some of these raids were successful, and all who were caught, including some ladies of rank, were heavily fined.

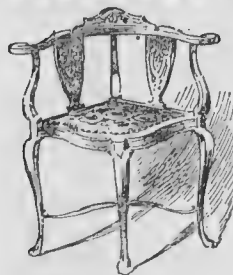


GOODWOOD.

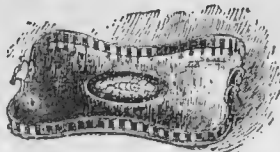


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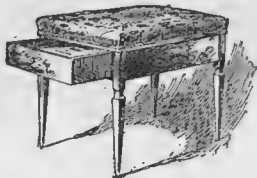
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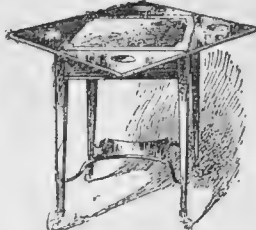
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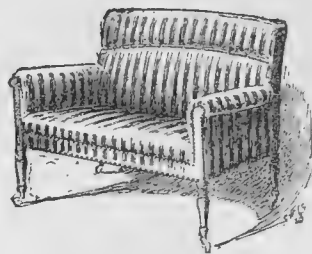
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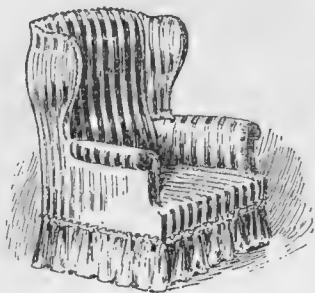
Café-au-Lait, Minton China, white  
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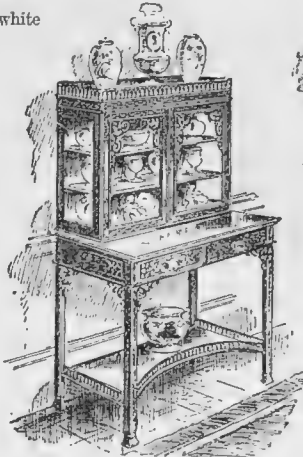
Claret-Jug,  
Fine Cut  
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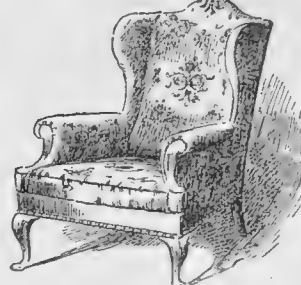
Moorish Bureau, in Fumed Oak,  
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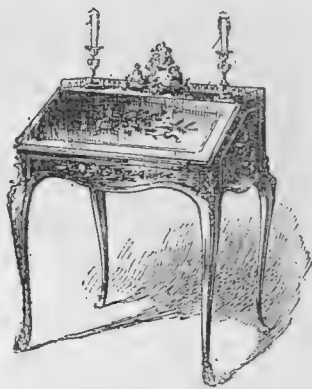
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27 in. wide, in Striped Plush, STUFFED  
ALL HAIR, 55s.  
With Cradle Spring Seat and Flounce  
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4 ft. 7 in. high by 2 ft. 6 in. wide, £5 15s.



In Tapestry, 70s.



Lady's Bureau, Inlaid Rosewood,  
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## THE WORLD OF SPORT.

## SWIMMING.

The importance of having regular instruction in swimming has often been pressed upon the authorities; but the matter has been shelved, on the ground that the finances will not permit of the necessary expenditure.

Nevertheless, I can conceive no outlay of public money on education that would ultimately produce more beneficial results. The advent of the bathing-season has, as usual, brought with it a rich harvest of fatalities, and if the weather continues as at present, the number of deaths — about seven thousand persons annually in the British Islands alone — already recorded may be greatly increased. What the educational authorities have neglected, the Life-Saving Society, by voluntary effort, has carried out. Its system of instruction is such that little time is lost in making a pupil efficient, six or seven lessons being considered sufficient for the purpose. The successes this society has attained this season are simply remarkable. As an example of the benefits which may arise from teaching the principles of life-

thought the rescuer mad for not standing the patient on his head to let the water run out of him, as if he were a gas-pipe. After ten minutes' work, according to the Silvester method, Sayers commenced breathing anew. Those who wish to obtain information should apply to 3, Clarendon Square, N.W., the office of the society.

## ATHLETICS.

All things considered, the University Sports at the Queen's Club were scarcely such a great success as usual, and it is a moot point whether the alteration in date will become generally popular. In view of the fact that the Dark Blues were the cause of the long postponement, Cambridge's ultimate success was immensely popular. Fitzherbert's performance in the Quarter-Mile was, perhaps, the best of the whole



W. E. IRVING.

Winner of the Royal Humane Society's bronze medal and certificate for saving life from drowning.

Photo by Maule and Co., Coventry.

saving, the following typical cases may be quoted. Several boys were fishing in a dock-pit near Coventry, when one of their number, James Darling, fell into the water, and at once disappeared. W. E. Irving (whose photos are reproduced), hearing of the casualty, immediately plunged into the water, which was over ten feet deep, and succeeded in bringing Darling to the surface, and afterwards to the bank. Having, with the assistance of the bystanders, got the boy on to land, Irving, who has been a pupil of a life-saving class promoted by the Society at the Bablake School, proceeded to resuscitate Darling, who appeared to be quite dead, and, after twenty minutes' work, according to the Silvester method of resuscitation, restored him sufficiently to admit of his being conveyed home. Irving, who is only thirteen years of age, has since been the recipient of the Royal Humane Society's bronze medal and certificate, as well as of the certificate of the Life-Saving Society on his election to life hon. membership for his praiseworthy conduct.

Again, at Worthing, a young man named Frank Sayers, with several companions, was bathing from a machine opposite Portland Place, when, exhausted by his efforts to swim ashore in the strong tide and swell, he sank. Mr. F. C. Isted, a member of a local life-saving class and holder of the proficiency medallion of the Life-Saving Society, bathing from the same spot, and returning from a long swim, had his attention arrested by the cries. He at once swam to the spot indicated, and, diving to the bottom, promptly brought Sayers to the surface and then to the beach. Sayers was at once laid upon his back, and Mr. Isted, with the help of others, proceeded to restore animation, according to the methods as taught at his class. Many of those present



LAND RESCUE DRILL.

Photo by Maule and Co., Coventry.

day (time, 50 sec.), and another popular winner was W. E. Lutyens, for whom the Mile was voted a certainty. Horan pulled off the Three Miles, Gardiner the High Jump, Watson the Weight-Putting, Jordan the 100 Yards, Oakley the Hurdles, Robertson the Hammer-Throwing, and Mendelson the Long Jump. C. B. Fry was, perhaps, ill-advised to enter for the last-named without practice. We all know he can do infinitely better than 21 ft. 9 in.

I congratulate the 2nd Battalion of the Grenadier Guards, who have, for the second year running, furnished the team winning the



RESUSCITATION DRILL.

Photo by Maule and Co., Coventry.



THE GRENADIER GUARDS TUG-OF-WAR TEAM.

Photo by Edward Sharp, Westminster Bridge Road.



Tug-of-War Competition at the All-Army Athletic Meeting at Aldershot. The collective weight of this year's team was 120 st.

### SHOOTING.

Lovely woman is not likely to be a serious rival to the mere man as a rifle-shot, so it says all the more for those good ladies who enter the lists with him in such exploits. At the Army and Navy Browdown rifle meeting, several women took a prominent part, especially at the revolver range (twenty yards). The *Lady's Pictorial* offered a diamond bangle (the design being two rifles, crossed, and the butts encrusted with diamonds) as first prize, while as a second prize the proprietors of the *Happy Home* gave a handsome silver-mounted looking-glass with swing sides. The bangle was carried off by Miss Douglas, who finally defeated Mrs. Osmaston, with whom she at first tied.



MISS DOUGLAS.

Photo by Charles Knight, Newport, Isle of Wight.

### CRICKET.

It is much to be deplored that the Gentlemen v. Players match, which begins tomorrow at Kennington Oval, should clash with no fewer than four County Championship engagements. Of course, there are enough splendid cricketers left from whom to pick two capable sides; but, with Gloucestershire, Lancashire, Notts, Derbyshire, Yorkshire, Kent, Somerset, and Essex meeting, and with, in addition, Cambridge University due to play Liverpool and District, the teams cannot possibly be representative.

To illustrate more clearly, let us run through the names of those whom we might call "first choices." Nobody can object, for instance, to a team of Gentlemen composed of Dr. W. G. Grace, Mr. H. W. Bainbridge, Mr. A. E. Stoddart, Mr. G. McGregor, Mr. S. M. J. Woods, Mr. K. S. Ranjitsinhji, Mr. F. S. Jackson, Mr. G. J. Mordaunt, Mr. H. A. Arkwright, Mr. L. C. H. Palaret, and Mr. G. S. Bardswell. Of these, at least half will be prevented from appearing, including the one and only Champion himself.

The same result accrues from the selection of the Players. Abel, Ward, Gunn, Pougher, Davidson, Briggs, Storer, Peel, Wainwright, Mold, and Richardson are the first names which would possibly commend themselves to the Surrey, or, indeed, any Executive. Yet Ward,

Gunn, Storer, Davidson, Briggs, Peel, Wainwright, and Mold will all be otherwise engaged, and the natural consequence will be a very weak Players team. One interest it will certainly possess, which is, that it will reintroduce to the cricket world George Lohmann, who for three years has been residing in the Cape.

Under any circumstances precious little interest is in these times centred in matches of friendly character, such as Gentlemen v. Players or North v. South. The cricket public has been fed upon County Championship meat, and will



FIRING THE WINNING SHOT.

Photo by Charles Knight, Newport, Isle of Wight.

not be satisfied with the dry bread-and-cheese of unimportant exhibitions. So far, Surrey are still at the head of the poll, and, after their last performance, he would be a plucky man who could nominate any team to oust the Champions from that position. The match with Middlesex, indeed, was one of the most memorable events of a truly

memorable season. Anything more magnificent than Surrey's uphill battle on the last day would be difficult to conceive, and, considering that every morsel of luck there was to be had went in favour of Middlesex, Surrey have every cause to rest content with a draw, more especially as they had already beaten the Metropolitans at Lord's.

The position of Sussex in the championship-table is one of which the seafarers need be eminently proud. Their second victory of the season, against Kent at Catford Bridge, was another of those strange revolutions which tend to make the noble game of cricket so universally popular. Still, I do not suppose Sussex will occupy a very proud place at the close of the season, owing to their bowling weakness. At the same time, a batting string composed of Mr. G. L. Wilson, Marlow, Bean, Mr. W. Newham, Mr. C. B. Fry, Mr. K. S. Ranjitsinhji, Mr. W. L. Murdoch, and Mr. G. Brann, is as fine as is possessed by any county in England. In my opinion, Surrey will be followed home by Lancashire, Yorkshire, and Middlesex.

Matches arranged for next (*Sketch*) week are—

- July 11—At the Oval, Gentlemen v. Players.
- At Bristol, Gloucestershire v. Lancashire.
- At Nottingham, Notts v. Derbyshire.
- At Liverpool, Liverpool and District v. Cambridge University.
- At Dewsbury, Yorkshire v. Kent.
- At Taunton, Somerset v. Essex.
- 12—At Lord's, Eton v. Harrow.
- 15—At Leyton, Essex v. Derbyshire.
- At Southampton, Hampshire v. Surrey.
- At Sheffield, Yorkshire v. Leicestershire.
- At Taunton, Somerset v. Lancashire.
- At Maidstone, Kent v. Notts.
- At Lord's, Middlesex v. Sussex.

### LAWN TENNIS.

I am afraid that Dr. Pim will not be back from America in time to defend his title in the Singles of the Championships now proceeding at Wimbledon. In his absence, W. Baddeley is not unlikely to gain the coveted honour.

I hear that the All England L.T.C. has purchased a new tarpaulin for the centre court, considerably larger than the old one. As it will be utilised for the protection of a second court, it will be always possible, except in the rain itself, to play more than one match at the same time.

OLYMPIAN.

### A FAMOUS RUNNER.

Mr. W. E. Lutyens, the well-known athlete, who has been covering himself and his college, Sidney-Sussex, Cambridge, with glory at the Inter-University Sports at the Queen's Club, first gave evidences of his extraordinary powers as a runner when a schoolboy at Sherborne, Dorsetshire.

In the year 1891 he broke the Public School record by running a mile in 4 min. 44 sec. In the autumn of the same year he won the Cambridge Freshman's Mile in 4 min. 47 sec. In the Lent term of '92 he added to his laurels the Varsity Mile, run in 4 min. 30½ sec., and a fortnight later beat B. C. Allen, of Corpus College, Oxford, the then President of the O.U.A.C., winning the race by 6 yards, and running the mile in 4 min. 24 3-5 sec.

Mr. Lutyens does not believe in dieting himself, and his training is of the slightest.

When practising, he never runs the full mile distance, and his main object is to cultivate pace, rather than increase his staying-power.

In August, Mr. Lutyens will accompany the Cambridge athletic team to America, in order to run against Yale; later, he will join the London Athletic Club, and run against New York before coming home to be ordained, for, after next Advent, "the path" will know him no more.



W. E. LUTYENS.

Photo by Stearn, Cambridge.

There was an Old Woman of Harrow,  
Who visited in a Wheelbarrow,  
And her servant before  
Knock'd loud at each door  
To announce the Old Woman of Harrow.



## SUMMER HEAT AND OBESITY.

Summer heat, with the out-door enjoyments which come in its train, is a source of unmixed delight to all whose physical condition is sound. The full feast of pleasure to which hospitable Nature at this season invites mankind is not, however, for those whose infirmities forbid them to undergo, without serious discomfort, a considerable amount of bodily fatigue. To those in particular who are the victims of excessive corpulence, the arrival of the genial summer warmth serves chiefly as a painful reminder that, for them, the delights of long woodland rambles, the climbing of mountain tops, and all the adventurous ways of flood and field are prohibited joys. The palpitating heart, the reeling brain, and the possible deadly sunstroke, which are the concomitants of obesity, banish all the pleasant anticipations which once came with the advent of the glad summer-tide. How much of this deprivation of enjoyment and positive misery is absolutely and easily avoidable may be learned by consulting Mr. F. Cecil Russell's "Corpulency and the Cure" (256 pages), a little work whose popularity is proved by the fact that its eighteenth edition has just been issued. This fact, too, indicates in some degree the wide area now covered by Mr. Russell's wonderful success as an expert in the reduction of excessive fat. His process, which is absolutely safe and pleasant, is so rapid in its operation that any over-corpulent lady or gentleman can easily get rid of all unnecessary weight in a very few weeks, so as to be able, before the autumn is with us, to enjoy the delightful feeling (and the appearance too) of renewed youth and energy. Mr. Russell makes no mystery of the nature of his curative preparation—apparently miraculous as are its effects in simultaneously reducing weight and increasing appetite—the consequently larger amount of food being consumed with impunity. He prints, therefore, his recipe in his singularly suggestive book, which may be obtained from booksellers, or post free, by sending six penny stamps to his offices, Woburn House, 27, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C.

## "DELIGHTFUL" TREATMENT FOR CURING CORPULENCE.

The process of curing any physical disorder is so generally the converse of "delightful" that the use of this and similar terms in reference to Mr.

F. C. Russell's new popular treatment for corpulency naturally attracts special attention. These terms are to be found in a large number of the letters included in the just issued eighteenth edition of Mr. Russell's little volume of 256 pages, "Corpulency and the Cure" (Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C.) These communications are from persons of both sexes, and it is apparent that their number is represented by thousands annually, who have found in this system of treatment a safe, rapid, and permanent cure for excessive fatness. This testimony forms in the aggregate, indeed, a wonderful record of the rapid reduction of excessive adipose tissue, and those who have personal reasons for being interested in the subject should send to the above address six penny stamps for a copy (post free) of Mr. Russell's notably suggestive little book. "I think the treatment most delightful," writes one out of a large number of equally enthusiastic correspondents. And the expressions, "Admirable tonic," "Splendid stuff," "A delicious beverage, mixed with mineral waters," are of constant recurrence in this singularly interesting correspondence. The details given by many of the writers of these letters as to the results of the treatment fully justify the use of such eulogistic phrases. It must certainly be delightful to experience the sensation of losing unnecessary and dangerous fat by pounds per week, and frequently stones per month, and that by the aid of treatment which simultaneously increases the appetite and renders its reasonable indulgence innocuous. The experience, too, must be rendered still more delightful by the knowledge, which may be gained from a perusal of Mr. Russell's book, that his preparation is a pure vegetable product, without any admixture of the mineral poisons which are too frequently administered. With a candour which also is delightful, Mr. Russell prints in his book the recipe for the preparation.

## EXTRAORDINARY SUCCESS IN THE TREATMENT OF OBESITY.

Our corpulent readers will be glad to learn how to positively lose two stone in about a month, with the greatest possible benefit in health, strength, and muscle, by a comparatively new system. It is a singular paradox that the patient, returning quickly

to a healthy state, with increased activity of brain, digestive, and other organs, naturally requires more food than hitherto; yet notwithstanding this, he absolutely loses in weight one or two pounds daily, as the weighing-machine will prove. Thus there is no suggestion of starvation. It is an absolute success, and the author, who has devoted years of study to the subject, absolutely guarantees a noticeable reduction within twenty-four hours of commencing the treatment. This is different with other diseases, for the patient, in some cases, may go for weeks without being able to test whether the physician has rightly treated him, and may have derived no real or apparent improvement in health. Here, we repeat, the author guarantees it in twenty-four hours, the scale to be the unerring judge. The treatment aims at the actual root of the disease, so that the superfluous fat does not return when discontinuing the treatment. It is perfectly harmless. We advise our readers to call the attention of stout friends to this, because, sincerely, we think they ought to know. For their information we may say that on sending six penny stamps a reprint of press notices from some hundreds of medical and other journals—British and foreign—and other interesting particulars, including the "recipe," can be had from a Mr. F. C. Russell, Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C.

## CURE OF OBESITY.

Mr. F. C. Russell, of Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C., has long been famous for his remedy for the cure of obesity. Those who suffer from this difficulty will, by sending sixpence to the above address, receive Mr. Russell's book (256 pages), containing testimonials from a great number of persons who have been benefited by the treatment, as well as a recipe for it. It matters not what be the weather or season, those who are troubled suffer equally in hot weather and in cold: in summer they are overburdened by their own weight; in winter bronchial ailments are set up through the least cold, as the air tubes are not free to act as they would otherwise do without the internal obstruction. Mr. Russell undertakes that persons under his treatment should lose one stone a month in weight, and that their health, strength, and activity should be regenerated.—*Young Ladies' Journal*.

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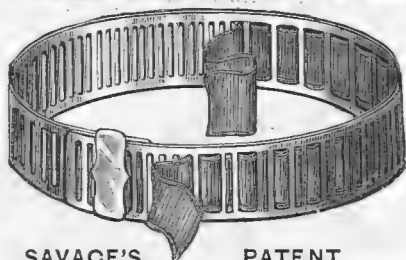
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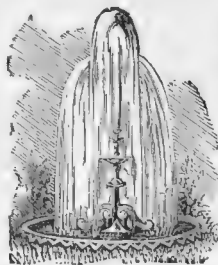
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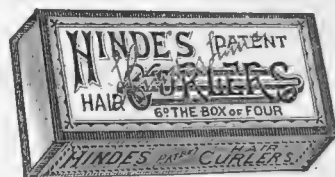
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At the present moment Dame Fashion is taking a holiday and recruiting her strength for the Autumn Campaign, for well she knows that her absence will hardly be noted while her devotees are consumed by sale-fever—an epidemic which is positively raging just now. During the past week I have had a very severe attack myself, but my recovery has



A NOVEL BODICE.

been summarily hastened by the state of my finances, which verges on bankruptcy, though I am the more or less proud possessor of a varied assortment of garments which, in the height of the sale-fever, I considered to be absolutely necessary to my comfort. Chief among my purchases I count sundry pairs of pure silk stockings, their lives being considerably lengthened by an arrangement of double toes and heels, which makes their price—only 5s. 9d. per pair—all the more remarkable. As silken hosiery has an overwhelming fascination for every woman I have ever known—though, under ordinary circumstances, it has to be carefully suppressed owing to considerations of price—I shall be doing you a good turn if I tell you that these bargains in stockings are to be had from the Maison Jay in Regent Street, where also, during the sale, you can obtain four-button black kid gloves of guaranteed quality at half-a-crown a pair! You cannot do better than invest a certain portion of the capital at your disposal in a goodly stock of these gloves and stockings. And then I want you to summon up your flagging energies and visit still one more sale—Messrs. Wheaton and Bennett's, at 104 to 108, Oxford Street; that is, if, whether for prospective or present use, you are in want of silver, glass, or china, of the very best quality, and at prices which will astonish you very pleasantly. The reason for the astounding reductions is that Messrs. Wheaton and Bennett are about to enlarge their premises and inaugurate new departments, so the stock must be cleared out. If you help to carry out this laudable object, you will be doing yourself a good turn, for you may (if you will) find yourself the possessor of a forty-piece tea-set, in dainty white fluted china, for half-a-guinea; a Minton or Coalport breakfast-set (twenty-nine pieces) for two guineas and a half, or a fifty-four-piece dinner-set for seventeen-and-six, to say nothing of cutlery, silver and electro-plate, at less than half-price. Really, I should think that the sales are responsible for a number of marriages, for who could resist embarking on the fascinating task of house-furnishing when the road thereto is literally paved with special bargains at less than cost price?

However, as I have said, my sale fever has come to an abrupt end, though I hope that you have caught it instead, for it is, on the whole, a pleasant and exciting experience; but, sales or no sales, we must have

some novelties to feast our eyes and model our new clothes upon, and so, as Dame Fashion had basely deserted me, I was obliged to go on a voyage of exploration by myself, and devoutly thankful was I to find that even in the dull season someone was blessed with new ideas. What, for instance, could be more entirely charming or original than the yachting dress, of which I secured an illustration for you, on the strength of its being specially designed by our own artist for a certain fair lady's wear at Henley? It is fashioned of white serge, and all round the full skirt goes a vandyked border of fine gold braid, with an anchor outlined in the centre and entwined with the initial-letter "G"—for the lady, you must know, is Miss Grace Woodward, the singer—the same pretty idea being carried out again on the bodice, where anchor and initial shine out on the cuffs of the full sleeves, at the corners of the coat-basques, and, still again, on the square sailor-collar. The neck is encircled by a draped band and a jaunty bow; and there is a vest of white satin, the brocaded design being outlined with gold thread, while the coat is fastened at the side by three beautiful old Empire paste buttons. The accompanying hat is of white chip, with billowy folds of white tulle and high sprays of lilies-of-the-valley. In spite of—or rather, perhaps, by reason of—its simplicity, this gown is altogether charming, and the novel arrangement of braiding makes it distinguished also; so Miss Woodward having had the honour and glory of being first in the field with it, we can all follow her good example without hesitation. Of course, white is lovely, but it is so lovely that it attracts unto itself every particle of dust



AN IDEAL YACHTING GOWN.

and dirt that may happen to be about; and so, if the durability of a dress is any consideration, I think you will find that blue serge, with white or gold braid, will look equally well, and answer your purpose infinitely better.



As to our other sketch, that, too, has the advantage of being distinctly original, for the design thereof emanated from the clever brain of Mrs. George Alexander, who is to be distinctly congratulated on her production. Imagine this coat-bodice (which goes with a plain skirt), made in silver-grey alpaca, patterned with minute spots, and then mark the design well and carefully. First, there come wide, pointed revers, of goodly size and arrogant stiffness, and, beneath them, smaller points are turned back from the vest of white lawn with its dainty tuckings and insertions of lace, while, still again, two more points of the alpaca cross at the waist over a double-loop bow of white glacé ribbon, with a line stripe in black and a blurred design of tiny pink and blue flowers, this bow being continued in long ends, which fall far down the skirt in front. This same lovely ribbon, put on with outstanding fulness, composes the short basques; and, coming at last to the sleeves, which belong to the imposing bishop's family, they are of white spotted muslin, finished with tucked cuffs of lawn and lace. But still the points have not come to an end, for at each side of the lawn collar a diminutive rever of alpaca is turned back to enframe the face. Even if your wardrobe is already crowded to overflowing—and I do not think that this is a general trouble—you cannot, I am sure, resist the delight of having this dress made up, for it would be a particularly suitable one to accompany you on your holiday. I have a fancy to see it too in dark, bright, cornflower-blue alpaca, with écarlawn and Valenciennes insertion and mauve chiné ribbon, patterned with pink roses, and, when I have recovered from the effects of the sales, my fancy shall be put into practical execution, I assure you, and I may have something to say about it later on.

And then, as good luck would have it, I came across an acquaintance who had just come back from that birthplace of fashion—Paris, and on this account I relegated her, for the time being, at any rate, to the position of my dearest friend, especially as, at the moment of our meeting, she was wearing a most desirable gown, which afforded me immediate food for reflection while I was carried off to the other trophies from the gay city. There was a skirt of blue alpaca, a material to which I have absolutely lost my heart, though I am weak enough to be pleased that Parisiennes are at one with me in the matter; and this was wedded to a bodice of lighter-blue satin, entirely covered with very handsome mellow-tinted lace, put on in a manner which challenged the most critical eye to discover opening or seam. Its absolute simplicity was relieved by two broad bands of blue satin, which crossed the front of the corsage, their junction being marked by a rosette of black satin, in the centre of which gleamed a paste button, while their termination at each side, by the shoulders, was marked in the same way. These same shoulders, by the way, were outlined distinctly by the lace-covered satin, and only when they had been passed did the elbow-puffs commence, the material thereof being alpaca, embroidered with true-lovers' knots. Certainly, the whole effect was charming, completed as it was by a rosetted collar of blue chiffon, and a hat of black straw, trimmed with the distinguished simplicity of two giant bows of cornflower-blue satin ribbon. But still those shoulders annoyed me, as they always did, and always will do, in spite of the fact, duly impressed upon me by my friend, that they were the most moderate of the moderate, and that one of the most favourite forms of sleeve in Paris is absolutely plain and tight-fitting to the elbow, where a huge puffing, or ruffle, or bow, spreads itself out aggressively. One pair of such sleeves, she told me, had an upper part of pale-pink silk, and a bow of white, black, and pink chiné silk, the effect at a little distance being exactly as if the arm were bare to the elbow. However, to such extreme lengths I do not fancy that we shall ever go, especially as this sleeve is only seen at its best (or worst) with a very costly and elaborate costume made in the style of the Louis period. And then, having arrived at our destination, I was rewarded by a sight of the gown. It certainly was lovely, a daintily fresh creation of white mousseline-de-soie, striped narrowly with yellow, the intervening space being occupied by tiny black spots, slightly raised. The bodice fulness came from a deep band of white lace, which encircled the neck, leaving the throat quite bare and free, and the folds were held in by bands of black velvet baby ribbon, terminating half-way up the corsage in tiny bows. The waistband was of black velvet, and short bands of velvet in graduated lengths fell from it down the skirt, while the double puffs of the elbow-sleeves were treated in the same way. Imagine this with a wide-brimmed hat of white straw, caught up in front with two yellow chrysanthemums of gigantic proportions, the one at the right side backed with three tiny black ostrich-tips, and the other with a high black aigrette. Really, "adorable" was the only word to describe it, especially as its every fold gave out that faint, undefinable, but altogether delightful perfume which is the trade-mark, so to speak, of every garment hailing from Paris; not that it need be their exclusive property while we here, in England, can revel in "Lundborg's" sachets, which have most successfully caught the perfume of the white rose, violet, heliotrope, and other favourite flowers. If you get a box of the sachets from any perfumer or chemist, and distribute the contents in your wardrobe and drawers, you will find that all your garments will have that same delightful fragrance, which is one of a Parisian's greatest charms, and which, when it is so easy to obtain, we should certainly share—what say you?

FLORENCE.

The Great Western Railway are catering energetically for the pilgrim to Henley. To-day and to-morrow the ordinary train service between Paddington and Henley will be replaced by a special service of no less than nineteen trains, running from half-past six in the morning until 8.20 p.m. On Friday and on Monday special trains will be run from Henley to town. Tickets will be issued to-day.

## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

Mrs. Humphry Ward has written a story without any theories in it at all. There are no modern problems—the intemperance round which gathers the plot is not treated as such—and, indeed, there is nothing to tell you how well-informed a person is the writer, if you happen to be so ill-informed as to be unaware of it. The effect of the omission is good, up to a certain point. Nearly any new departure, and nearly any kind of success, are possible to a writer with brains, and Mrs. Ward has brains. Above the past laudations of the many, she has heard perhaps some sneers and expostulations, or, worse than all, the damning faint praise of the superior critic, and she has, with very likely only half-conscious obedience, forsworn, for the moment, pamphleteering and sermon-mongering in the guise of fiction. So she has gone to life direct for her material, and, what is more remarkable, to a kind of life that knows not learning or culture, or any problems, save the daily one of earning bread-and-cheese. Here she has made herself far more at home than might have been expected. She treats her rustics very humanly, not as curious specimens, unfamiliarly interesting, and not with the air of a benevolent patroness.

But—critics are a most inconsistent, capricious, and ungrateful race—after reading this "Bessie Costrell" (Smith, Elder), which testifies to its author turning to a new page in the book of her art—a page the superiority of which was dinned in her ears again and again—a misgiving arises in one's mind. Had she not better turn back again? After all, in popularising yesterday's theories she was admirable, and she was then on her own ground. Here, treating of simple life, and of rough, uncultured natures, her intellect, imagination, and sympathies are on the strain, because she has come late to the knowledge of her material. And of its kind, "Bessie Costrell" is not first-rate. It is not a problem-novel, or a novel with a purpose, and perhaps it should have been. Something is lacking in this tragedy, which a problem or a purpose might have partly supplied, or diverted our attention from the want. Bessie is a miserable woman, but you hardly ever see her misery face to face. You are not made to realise the temptation of the gold and the drink, and you are aware of no resistance. But temptation and resistance, visible, or impressively suggested, however unsuccessful be the latter, are essential components of a tragedy of this kind. Lacking their aid, it becomes merely an ugly story. The reader is here made to guess a little too much—not a usual fault, by-the-bye, in fiction of the second-best kind. Bessie and her sin are the topics of an anecdote, a deftly fashioned, well-polished anecdote, and touching, too, humanly considered; but they are not what they might have been—the subjects of a great tragedy. So says the discontented critic.

But a story to be taken up with perfect confidence of enjoyment, and not at all seriously, is Mr. Harding Davis's "Princess Aline" (Macmillan). To begin with, it is very short and very portable—portability is an easy rival to literary excellencies in bulky form. Then it is of the very well-bred American type of story—a pleasant type, and seldom dull. The chase of the distinguished young American painter round a good bit of the world, after the beautiful princess, is charmingly described, and the end of the story is just what it ought to be. But we agree with Mr. Davis in feeling very sorry for the princess.

Mr. Brander Matthews has republished a good many of his recent literary essays in a volume called "Books and Play-books" (Osgood). Some persons will find it both informing and improving; some it will exasperate furiously, and others will pronounce it to be quite out-of-the-way amusing. Indeed, a few may be improved, exasperated, and amused all at once by Mr. Matthews's judgment and temper. There is a great deal of solid matter for the serious person, intent on literary cultivation, about the Ancient and Modern Drama, and the Evolution of Copyright, and much else; but a reader on this side of the Atlantic, with a wakeful, sensitive conscience, will be most alive to the lessons Mr. Matthews reads him on his national shortcomings.

Poor little, parochial, ill-educated Britain gets many a talking-to for its lack of high literary standards and of the true critical disposition, for the slovenly language it writes, for its prejudices and narrow culture. "An American of literary taste," we hear with remorseful regret, "is simply staggered—there is no other word for it—whenever he reads the weekly reviews of contemporary fiction in the *Athenæum*, the *Academy*, the *Spectator*, and the *Saturday Review*, and when he sees high praise bestowed on novels so poor that no American pirate imperils his salvation to reprint them." At this point a reader instinctively fumbles for a pencil, and begins to scribble on the margin, "An Englishman with the slightest claim to cultivation receives the most painful shock, if by chance there fall under his eye the review columns of the chief organs of literary opinion in the United ——" But if he is honest and sensible, he will here discontinue and erase. For pot-and-kettle is a poor game to play, and however many justifiable retorts he may have, it is best to own we deserve nearly all the ill that can be said of our flabby, top-heavy, nerveless, and second-best criticism. Our novel, we are told, is now "inferior in art to the novel of France and of Spain, of Russia and of America." Some of us might acknowledge the present artistic superiority of two of these countries; but let us not say to Mr. Brander Matthews which they are. If our choice were flattering to his national affections, he would be encouraged to snub us in a still more humiliating fashion; if it were the reverse, the effect might be a great deal more dangerous.

O. O.



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## PARLIAMENT.

BY A "RASH RADICAL."

There is not much to say of the Houses of Parliament this week, though I must add that they have occupied a more respectable position in the public eye than they have for some time past. Strangely enough, the political overturn and the change of Government have produced something like a Truce of God between the parties. The truce is, indeed, so thorough as to extend to that seat and centre of immovable Toryism, the House of Lords. It is curious to watch how Lord Salisbury switches on or switches off the machinery of that venerable institution. When the Liberals are in power the doors are closed; when the Tories are in, lo! they fly open. Everybody knows the kind of reception the Factory Bill would have got from the Peers if it had been sent up to them when Mr. Asquith was Home Secretary. All sorts of talk about the cause of liberty, the rights of property, would have thundered from the lips of Lord Wemyss and the Liberty and Property Defence League, and the Bill would have gone back to the Commons shorn of half its usefulness. Now all is changed; the measure is rushed—there is really no other word for it—through both Houses and passes into law in less than a week from its completion in the Grand Committee on Trade. I must say that this throws a pretty vivid light upon the humbug of party politics. When it suits both parties that a good measure should become law, it does so, quickly enough; when the interests are the other way, all the forces are hostile. The party system is, I suppose, inevitable; but, somehow, one is inclined to regret it, as the source of as much insincerity and moral and social mischief as it used to be, when it was played as a game by one section of the upper classes pitted against another.

## TROUBLE FOR THE NEW GOVERNMENT.

For the rest, I believe that there will be trouble for the new Administration. It is astonishing to hear the tone of the grumbling proceeding from the lips of Tory members who have either been excluded from the Government or whose friends have suffered this fate. There is no doubt that Lord Salisbury has given deep offence by the extent to which he has conceded Mr. Chamberlain's claims. Mr. Chamberlain, say the Tories, is the real head of this Government. He is already leading the House of Commons; he has got eleven members of his tiny party in, though, on his own strength, he could not carry half-a-dozen seats all over the country. He has impressed his policy on the Ministry, and he has secured the exclusion of some of the ablest members of the young Tory Party. It is not to be supposed that men like Sir Albert Rollit and Mr. Bowles will sit down quietly and see Mr. Jesse Collings and Mr. T. W. Russell preferred to them. In addition to this, Lord Salisbury has, I think, done some very unwise things. It is not good policy to distribute four of the most important posts among your own family. Why the Duke of Norfolk, a peer, should have been sent to the Post Office; why Lord Cadogan should have gone to Ireland, of which he has no experience; why Lord Londonderry should have been excluded; why Lord Halsbury is sent back to the Woolsack—these are questions over which some very ominous shaking of heads is going on in Tory quarters, and among the excluded there are men strong enough and able enough to make their disappointment both heard and felt.

## A LOCAL DIFFICULTY.

In addition to the central difficulty, there is a local one. Mr. J. A. Bright, John Bright's eldest son, has not been at all happy about the position. He does not like to sit with the Tories; he is a strong temperance reformer, and dislikes the pressure brought to bear upon him by "the trade" in Birmingham, and he is resigning his seat partly for these reasons and partly on account of his wife's health. Thereupon an acute controversy springs up. Mr. Chamberlain insists, according to his invariable plan, that a Unionist shall succeed a Unionist. But a section of the local Tories put themselves in communication with Lord Charles Beresford and press for him as successor to Mr. Bright. Mr. Chamberlain's foot goes down, and the *Birmingham Post*, which is his organ, denounces an attempt to break the compact. On the other hand, Lord Charles is certainly willing to stand, and he will, of course, be an extremely popular and very powerful candidate. His cleverness, his *bonhomie*, his good-humour, are all immensely attractive to the average elector; and, as he has a very strong will, and does not care a penny-piece for Mr. Chamberlain's interests, I should not be surprised if a very ugly business were on foot. The Unionist alliance is, at the very moment of the coalition, in a state of extreme tension, and a very little strain might break it altogether. This is a strange position, and it would not be at all surprising if an actual breakdown occurred at the very moment when the most perilous feat of a fusion between the two parties has been accomplished. For the moment, Mr. Chamberlain is the man of the hour. One cannot help admiring his dexterity, his ableness, and the way in which he has dominated the whole Tory Party. He is really playing a tremendous personal *coup*. But is he not a little too daring?

The art of photography is certainly very far advanced, and gives rise to admiration. The following story is being told, and it is surely the strangest compliment to a photographer that one could imagine. A man was asking a friend after a fair actress whom he had not seen for some time. "She's on tour," was the answer, "but she will be back soon. By the way, look into Blank's studio when you go up Regent Street. He's taken some lovely photos of her. You can hardly recognise her."

## PARLIAMENT.

BY A "CAUTIOUS CONSERVATIVE."

Parliament is over and the bustle of making a new one is begun. We have been making funeral orations over Lord Rosebery and his party so continually, off and on, that there is nothing more to be said that is at all original. Whether the Unionists or the Separatists win at the coming election, there is no doubt about one thing. The late Government was one of the most hopelessly incompetent that ever existed. Lord Rosebery's speech at the Eighty Club was a candid confession of the futility of being in power with a majority of slender dimensions, which had to be cajoled and bribed in order to keep it solid at all. "It is like Purgatory—like Hell," declared the ex-Premier. Well, for his own sake and that of Sir William Harcourt, we will join in wishing that Lord Rosebery may never go to Purgatory or the other place again. He will be much more comfortable out of office, and that is quite the right position for him. But, in the same way, we must hope that the pains of Purgatory will not be simply transferred to the leaders of the Unionist Party. A small majority for the Unionists will be interesting—to the political journalist, but it will be very painful for the country. The omens, I must confess, are not as favourable as could be wished. The School Board and County Council elections both resulted practically in ties between the two parties. Mr. Childers, who has some reputation as a political meteorologist, has, I hear, prophesied a tie, or something like it, at the Parliamentary elections. *Absint omina*. The bye-elections have been more favourable to us than that. The most careful calculation, on the basis of the bye-elections, would give the Unionists a majority of thirty. I hope it will be more, for seventy will be none too many. The Conservative Central Office is hopeful of eighty; but everybody will have to work very hard indeed for that.

## LAST WORK.

The session was certainly wound up very easily. The passing of the Factories Bill through the House of Commons was a triumph for conciliation and common-sense. No one on the Conservative side will grudge Mr. Asquith a meed of praise on its account. The late Home Secretary is, indeed, the one member of the late Government—or, in fact, of the late Ministerial Party—who comes out of the discreditable history of the last three years with any inches added to his Parliamentary stature. He has shot up above all his colleagues, and is undoubtedly the most interesting figure on the Radical side. Mr. Stead's description of him as "Solemn Sobersides" hits Mr. Asquith off not inaccurately; but, with all his apparent absence of sentiment and imagination, his vigorous intellect and business-like management have combined to make him already one of the great Parliamentary figures. One Bill which came with a run at the last, and took most of us by surprise, was the Slanders at Elections Bill. It will be curious to see how much use will be made of this measure at future elections. That the Bill was wanted is undeniably true. The lies that are disseminated nowadays about politicians are monstrous, and the practice has been developing to an alarming extent. A dead set is apparently to be made at Mr. Chamberlain during the Radical campaign, and, when such a thing is openly threatened, it is not unnatural that he should have lent his weight to getting the Bill passed, in order, if necessary, to be able to catch any rascal who is more than usually malicious.

## THE NEW GOVERNMENT.

The surprises of the new Government are mainly in the minor offices. The Duke of Norfolk as Postmaster-General, the admission of so many Liberal Unionists—Mr. Jesse Collings, Mr. Austen Chamberlain, Mr. Powell-Williams, Mr. T. W. Russell, Mr. Anstruther, and Lord Selborne—and the two Irish appointments, Lord Cadogan and Mr. Gerald Balfour, these were all unexpected. Lord Salisbury undoubtedly had a difficult task. He has shown, once again, his partiality for peers, and the result is, as I think, that the Conservatives of the House of Commons have got rather less than they were entitled to. Mr. Hayes-Fisher thoroughly deserved his Junior Lordship of the Treasury, but I do not see why Lord Stanley was given the third place, instead of some more prominent commoner. Lord Dudley and Lord Onslow, on the other hand, have each done good work; but as for Lord Selborne, until recently Lord Wolmer, his nonsensical escapade about evading his peerage ought surely to have been allowed to be forgotten before he was promoted to office. The present task before us, however, is an electioneering one—to obtain as large a majority as possible; and the conciliation of the Liberal-Unionists required, no doubt, that they should be given as much of the spoils of victory as could be conveniently managed, in order to show all the wobbling Liberals that they ought properly to come over and vote for the party to which Mr. Chamberlain had definitely joined his forces and his programme. The prospect of another considerable secession from the wobbling Liberals to the Unionist Party is said to be good. Certainly the official Radical programme is not a very attractive one. If Home Rule and the abolition of the House of Lords hold the field, as Mr. Morley and Lord Rosebery passionately proclaim, the Radical Party seems condemned to plough the sands *ad infinitum*. A more persuasive policy, in order to secure Radical apathy, if not positive antipathy, could not well be devised. The Unionists, at least, have a practical policy, and, if they get a majority, they can carry it out.

"At last," quoth she, "I sympathise  
With man when wearing these—  
My bloomers, even with their size,  
Are bagging at the knees."



## NOTES FROM THE EXCHANGE.

*"All is not Gold that Glitters."*

DEAR SIR,—

Capel Court, July 6, 1895.

The Bank Return, for the first time this many months, shows the proportion of reserve to liabilities as below 60 per cent., but you must not take this as any intimation of a serious shrinkage of available assets, for it is clear that there has been the usual increase of internal circulation which is to be looked for at the end of the quarter, and that the alteration of the figures is chiefly due to this cause.

A very large business has been done on the Stock Exchange in Mining shares, and in the very highest class of Railway debentures and Home Corporation stocks, and there has also been a good bit of buying of Brazilian securities, in preparation for a new loan, some unkind people say.

Your friends are always asking us, if we have any special information as to a mine, to communicate with them through you, and we therefore take this opportunity of saying we are told that New Zealand Crown Gold, which is dealt in on the Glasgow Stock Exchange at about 25s., has received such advice from the manager that the shares are well worth buying. At any rate, a certain client of ours, who owns several thousand shares, has given orders to double his holding, and he is not a man who throws money away.

We have several times alluded to negotiations going on with reference to a rearrangement of some of the reconstructed Australian banks, and it is no breach of confidence to tell you that the affairs of the City of Melbourne Bank are under serious consideration by the various creditors. A proposal is on foot whereby depositors are to be asked to take half their debt in stock bearing  $1\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. interest, and the other half in  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. perpetual debentures; but, until the full details of the scheme are before us, and the figures upon which it is based, we are not in a position to advise you as to the course which you should pursue. The English, Scottish, and Australian Bank, and the London Bank of Australia, may be considered safe from the necessity of any fresh arrangements, but there can be little doubt that several of the others—whose names it is hardly fair to mention—will, sooner or later, have to come forward with modifications of the original reconstructions. We hear also that Messrs Goldsbrough, Mort, and Co. will have to ask their debenture-holders for consideration, and that proposals will be made to divide the debentures and modify the shareholders' liability. The call which should have produced half a million has, in fact, only realised about £200,000, which is a shockingly bad result, considering that there remains a nominal liability of about £3,500,000. It is a great pity that the bulk of the schemes appear to have been framed upon a too sanguine estimate of the recuperative power of the Colonies, for if the position had been fairly faced, as in the case of the New Zealand Loan, Mercantile, and Agency Company, it would have been far better both for creditors and shareholders.

Now that the bogie of Local Option is stilled by the prospects of a Unionist victory at the General Election, Brewery debentures appear likely to see even higher prices than ever, but, if you do not think that Lord Salisbury is fairly sure of victory, please discount our idea of improving values. The new issue of Boardman's  $4\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. stock appears to us a good purchase, and Arrol debentures are among the few stocks which will yield a reasonable rate, while Stroud Brewery 5 per cent. debentures, if they can be picked up, or Tadcaster Towers, are both sound investment-stocks. With cheap materials and improving trade, the ordinary stocks of many companies should prove the sort of thing investors want just now, and we select Farnham United, Nalder and Collyer, and Tamplin and Son as worthy of purchase just now if  $5\frac{1}{2}$  is wanted, and the risk of good and bad years is fairly faced.

What we have said about the securities of the United States Brewing Company does not require repeating; but the company is one of the soundest concerns of which we know, and we strongly advise you not to part with your holding with the idea of buying Emerald and Phoenix, or any of the Chicago Company's ordinary shares. Several of your friends have had great trouble in buying the debentures, and have even bid 106 for them, but there are several buyers and no sellers. As the redemption cannot take place under 110, we fully expect that even the present price will not tempt holders, and we have therefore looked about for something else of the same class which we can recommend. Frank Jones Brewing Company debentures are, in our opinion, a sound investment, as are the same securities of the New England Company, and the preference shares of either may be bought to pay high interest without undue risk.—We are, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

S. Simon, Esq.

LAMB, SHEARER, AND CO.

## COMPANY AND OTHER ISSUES OF THE WEEK.

The following prospectuses have reached us—

**WILLEY AND PEARSON, LIMITED**, is formed to take over the prosperous business known as the Trafalgar Works, Halifax. The share capital is £120,000, divided into three classes, and £30,000  $4\frac{1}{2}$  debenture stock is also offered. The board is a strong one, and the auditors' certificate satisfactory, and, indeed, seems to us a model of the way a document of the kind should be drawn. The only drawback we can see is that, the issue being so small, it is never likely to have a free market, especially in the case of the debentures.

**THE BRITISH EXPLORATION COMPANY, LIMITED**, is formed to exploit certain mineral claims in Africa, South Australia, and Western

Australia, and to pay the deposit upon an option to purchase some 200,000 acres of—we suppose—agricultural land in the last-named colony. The total capital is £150,000, divided into two classes of shares, of which 75,000 ordinary are now offered. It is curious to note that in this sort of company the poor public are never allowed to take the whole of the profit which may be obtained by the use of their money, but, like the patient donkey, they have to bear all the blows, while the vendors—representing their master—gets the lion's share of the earnings. If ever we have seen a prospectus which seemed to us uninviting, we should say the document issued by the directors of this precious concern was about the most excellent example which has come under our notice for months, and we sincerely trust that if any one of our readers has been induced to put in an application, there will be time for him to withdraw it, even if he has to spend sixpence on a telegram to do so. The field of operations is far too wide, and if, by chance, a little money were made in Africa or at Pilbarra, it would almost certainly disappear in the precious South Australian portion of the enterprise. If the unfortunate public subscribe the £75,000, £35,000 of it will disappear into the vendors' pockets, and leave an utterly inadequate sum for carrying out the objects of the company, while if, as we suppose will be the case, the £40,000 underwritten is all that comes in, the outlook will be even worse.

**JULES ROLEZ, LIMITED**, with a capital of £50,000, is intended to take over the business of an enterprising Frenchman who deals in Ormolu clocks. Although the vendor is willing—if he is obliged, we suppose—to take £17,000 in shares, the whole capital is offered to the public, and the result may be that Mr. Jules Rolez will get a managing-directorship for ten years without a shilling interest in the concern. The auditors' certificate is very unsatisfactory, and amounts to nothing, and the paragraph about making application to the Stock Exchange for a settlement and quotation ought never to have been put in the prospectus, for there is absolutely no chance of the Committee granting any such thing as a "quotation" to so small a concern, and this the directors ought to have known. The old proverb about "a fool and his money" will apply to any person who sends in an application for shares, but we do not suppose that even the promoters expect any large number of fools will be found.

**THE RIGHTS AND EXPLORING OF RHODESIA, LIMITED**, with a capital of £100,000, is one of the innumerable companies formed to pour English gold into the Chartered Company's country. For the sake of everybody concerned, we should like to see a few results from the companies already formed before much more money is spent. We have no space to review this enterprise, and all that the prospectus says about it; but our readers will be wise to leave it alone.

**WILLIAM HANCOCK AND Co.** are offering £120,000 4 per cent. debentures at 113 $\frac{1}{4}$ . The brewery is a good one, and the issue is reasonably safe, but there are many brewery debentures to be picked up far cheaper than this. At 103, or even 105, we should have recommended the security, but at the issue price we say it is too dear—far too dear.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**B. J. W.**—(1) You are quite right; we thought you referred to the "Gold Exploration and Land Company," and it seems as if what we said about the shares is coming true even more quickly than we expected. The "Gold-fields" is a sort of international affair, with its office in Bishopsgate Street. The board consists of financiers in Paris, Antwerp, and London, and all we can say is that the market for the shares is good, and the jobbers in the Kafir Circus speak well of it. (2) We should hold for an improvement in the price of silver, which would make the shares better, but it is a mere matter of opinion.

**PENELOPE.**—Thank you for your kind letter. Try to pick up two hundred United States Brewing Company's 6 per cent. debentures at about 106. They are, in our opinion, the best investment of the class you want. You might even buy more with perfect safety, and don't limit the broker to an exact price. Buy the same quantity of Trustees and Executors Corporation 5 per cent. A debentures at about par, and invest the balance in Frank Jones Brewing Company 5 per cent. debentures, which you ought to get at about 85. You will thus get £32 a year for about £580 invested, and, in our opinion, with very fair safety. If these suggestions don't suit you, write again, or buy Imperial Continental Gas stock.

**A. B. C.**—(1) We consider the shares a very fair industrial risk, such as you may fairly hold. (2) We don't like the D. H. Evans debentures. (3) Application has been made for a special settlement. Write and ask the secretary what is the cause of the delay.

**DUZZY.**—We have been unable to get a price yet, but will try again. Swaziland is rather in favour, and we should not give up hope of finding a buyer before the mining boom is over.

**CAUTIONS.**—The company seems a respectable one, and mining-reports appear regularly. The main shaft is down ninety feet, and, according to the papers, work is progressing favourably. We expect you will be able to sell before the end of the year, and, if developments continue good, at a profit. Of course, it is a gamble.

**J. W. L.**—(1) We should think the shares a fair risk. The last dividend was 14 per cent. (2) The price is about £2 or two guineas. (3) The capital is £400,000, all paid. (4) On merits, "No"; as a market tip, "Yes." (5) The firm are not members of the Stock Exchange.

**G. M. H.**—We should advise the purchase of Wellington Waterworks, Auckland, 6 per cent. or 5 per cent. bonds, repayable in about 1930; or Napier 6 per cent. bonds, for the money you wish to invest in bonds to bearer. Any respectable broker will buy you these, or equally good Colonial Corporation bonds; but be sure you get ones which are not redeemable for twenty years or thereabouts. You will get  $4\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. for your money. For the other £500, see answer to "Penelope." Uruguay stock or City of Mexico bonds might suit.

**Y. X.**—(1) We think you could do much better. (2) Very good.

**J. D. B.**—We are not surprised at the difficulty. The security is beginning to be appreciated. Try the secretary of the company, who may know of a seller. The railway investment is not a bad speculative gamble, but we prefer the things mentioned in this week's "Notes." Thanks for the hint about the tobacco company. The prefs. are not bad. We return the balance-sheets.